

The Sketch

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1909.

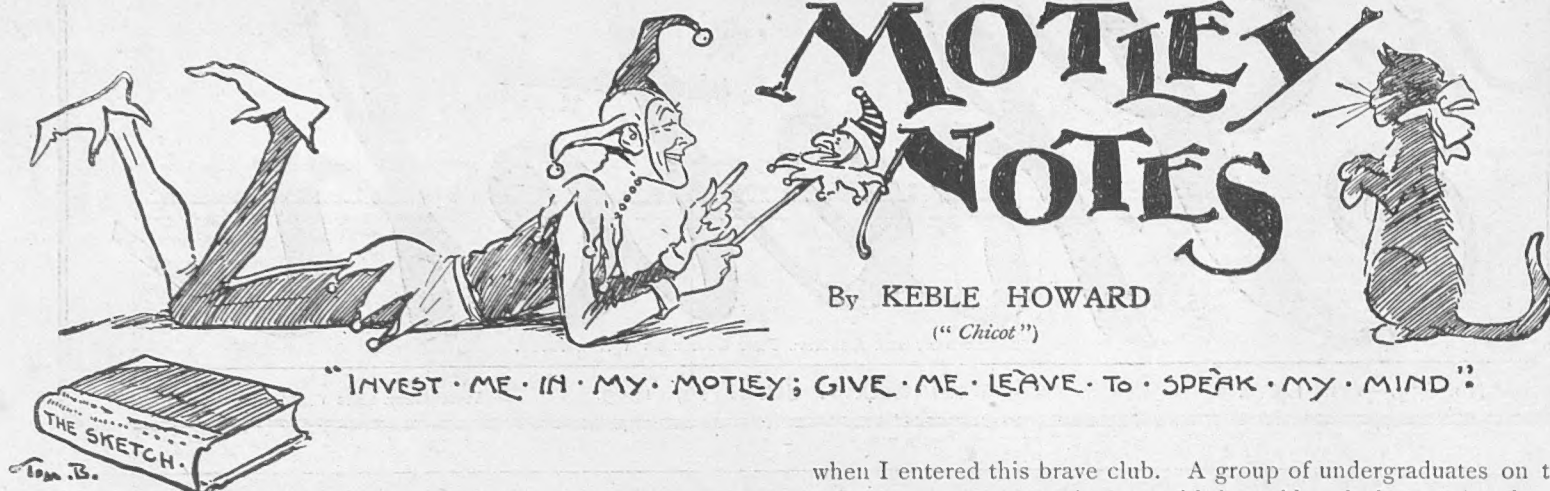
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THE ORIGINATOR OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH PAGEANT: THE REV. WALTER MARSHALL AS ST. GEORGE.

The Rev. Walter Marshall, the St. George of the English Church Pageant, originated the idea of the Pageant. It was intended to hold it in Hove, where Mr. Marshall is Vicar of St. Patrick's Church, but as it grew other plans were made, with the result that the scene was transferred to the grounds of Fulham Palace.

Setting in Imitation of the Design on the Cover of the excellently produced "English Church Pageant Handbook"; photograph by L.N.A.



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

**Oxford
Examined.**

I am feeling very old. There are two reasons for this: (1) I have just had another of these birthdays, and (2) I am spending a quiet, observant, reflective week at Oxford. I am not exactly in retreat. I mingle with the crowds in the streets, on the river, in the Union, and I have even been twice to the theatre. But, although I am in the crowd, I am not, unhappily, of it. Why this should be I don't quite know. Oxford is almost precisely the same as it was twelve years ago, when I was both in it and of it. I have only been able to note one important change. Twelve years ago it was the correct thing to wear the belt of your Norfolk jacket hanging down at the back. It would have been considered just as affected to fasten the belt of one's Norfolk as to turn down the ends of one's trousers. Trousers, of course, are still worn turned up: Oxford men have an innate sense of taste. But the belt of the Norfolk no longer hangs down; in fact, it is actually made of one piece with the jacket, so to speak—a very ugly and unreasonable arrangement. However, this, as I say, is the only change of any importance that I have discovered. For the rest, Oxford is just the same jolly, rainy, idle, futile place as of old. A musical comedy still draws solid rows of tweeds to the stalls, and the proceedings on the stage are watched with the same intent, silent gravity.

**The Caged
Sophist.**

Oxford examined me so often—usually to find me wanting—that I take a peculiarly vindictive joy in examining Oxford. I will not say that I find her wanting, but, if I returned to-morrow as an undergraduate, I am sure that I should expect more for my money than I ever had, or than the present generation of undergraduates is getting. In the first place, I should refuse to be treated as an irresponsible wild animal, who can only be trusted to behave himself when he is behind bars. A girl who is up here, I understand, in order to learn geography complained to me the other day that the men could do as they liked, but the girls had a rotten time of it. An hour later, walking up the Broad, I saw a highly educated young man, born, no doubt, of highly educated parents, possibly a scholar of his college, versed, for all I know to the contrary, in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Sanskrit, and Arabic, a keen student, maybe, of the immortal philosophical treatises—I saw this refined creature smoking a cigarette behind a row of iron bars, for all the world like a monkey at the "Zoo" or a felon in the condemned cell. The odd part of it was that he seemed quite complacent. To him there was nothing humiliating about those bars. He was admitting, tacitly, that he could not be trusted to behave himself if the bars were removed.

**A Brave Club
Indeed!**

I am bound to admit that, twelve years ago, I did not find anything remarkable about those barred windows. It is possible that the particular bars of which I have spoken were not then in existence, but I remember now that there were other bars to other windows, and that I did not look upon them as an insult to the intelligence and moral standard of my fellow-undergraduates. Here is a good reason for feeling old. Further, I have made the discovery that the undergraduate is not the beginning and the end of Oxford. It is true that the University could not pay its way without him; in fact, that it would have no reason at all for its existence. But, odd as it may seem to my undergraduate readers, there is another life in Oxford. Thanks to the courtesy of my host I have been put up as a temporary member at a club recently founded for professional men resident in Oxford. To this club undergraduates are not admitted. Here, if you like, is a drastic rule. I never felt so grown-up in my life as

when I entered this brave club. A group of undergraduates on the opposite pavement watched me with languid curiosity. "Another of those dull old buffers!" I suppose they murmured, stifling a yawn. For all that, I found more gaiety in the buffers' club than one could expect at the Union. The undergraduate takes club life very, very seriously.

**The Young Life
on the Old Life.**

This attitude of the Young Life towards the Old Life, and of the Old Life towards the Young Life, is very interesting. The average undergraduate, I fancy, would sum up the Old Life rather in this way: "I feel awfully sorry for those Johnnies! They must have a mighty dull time of it. You can tell that, to begin with, by their clothes. When it's a bit cold, they shove on overcoats. You never see them out without a hat. They wear plain socks—no clocks or openwork, like ours. Some of 'em even carry umbrellas. Then they walk about, as often as not, all by themselves, instead of linking arms and getting all across the road—the only really jolly style of walking. They have houses, you know, along the Banbury Road, and wives, and families, and all that sort of rot. You might as well expect them to fly as to get up any decent sort of a rag. Sometimes they have a drink, I suppose, but they never seem to get tight on it. What on earth's the good of drinking unless you get a bit squiffy? There's nothing sporting in it. Some of 'em have cars, but you never see them going at anything decent; thirty to thirty-five's about their limit. The only advantage they have, as far as I can see, is that they never get gated; but you might as well be gated all the year round as go to bed at eleven o'clock every night. Poor old buffers!"

**The Old Life on
the Young Life.**

In the same way, the Old Life would sum up the Young Life, I think, in this manner: "Well, you know, of course it's a bit of a nuisance having all these noisy lads about, but it only lasts for twenty-four weeks out of the fifty-two, and, after all, directly or indirectly, one gets one's living out of them. Besides, some of them are decent fellows enough—the chaps who come up to take full advantage of the educational value of the place. You sometimes see them about—nice quiet lads in spectacles, with books under their arms. As for the others, I think the authorities might take a firmer stand than they do against all this nonsense they call 'ragging.' Personally, I fail to see that there is any pleasure to be obtained in kicking up a row just when other people want to get to sleep, or walking six abreast, or smashing furniture that their unfortunate fathers have to pay for. I don't know how it is, but the undergraduate of the present day doesn't seem to have the same grit in him as he did when I was up. We had our fun, of course, but there was real devil in it—not this namby-pamby, cigarette-smoking, larky-schoolboy sort of business. Still, take them for all in all, they're decent enough young fellows, I suppose, and I expect we should find the town uncommonly dull if they never came up at all."

**Items for the
Camp Fire.**

Old Oxford men in distant parts of the world whom this journal reaches will be glad to learn that the "British Workman" is still very much in evidence, that his trousers are of the old graceful pattern, that his Sunday evening receptions are as popular as ever, and that you can buy a picture of him for a penny on a postcard. Item, that the trams are still drawn by horses, and that they lollop down the High in the same old leisurely fashion. Item, that there are still Americans going to and fro with guidebook in hand, who ask you how they can get into the yard when they mean the quadrangle. Item, that the "K.A." stands precisely where it did.

DILUTED HISTORY: PAGEANT AND WATER.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH PAGEANT, AT FULHAM PALACE.



1. A LITTLE PICTISH VILLAGE IN THE ISLAND OF HY, NOW KNOWN AS IONA.

2. WELCOME ANACHRONISMS! DANES OF OLD, THE MACINTOSH, AND AN UMBRELLA.

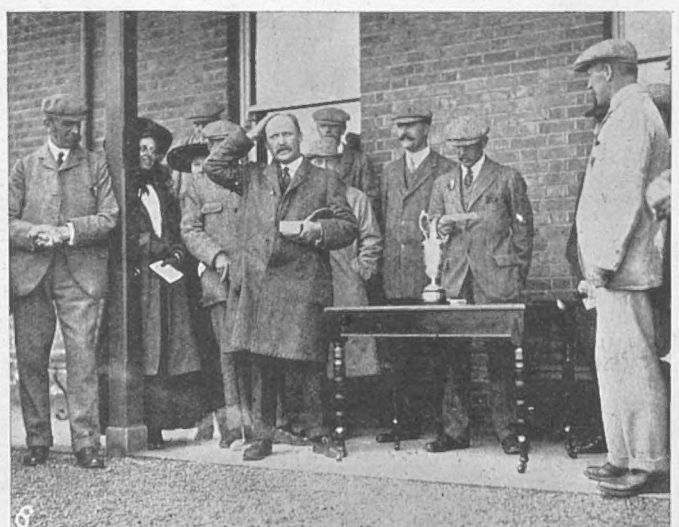
3. AS UNSCARED BY THE WEATHER AS BY THE ANCIENT BRITONS: A PICTISH WOMAN AND CHILDREN.

4. MODERN METHODS IN ANCIENT IONA: REMOVING HUTS FROM THE PICTISH VILLAGE IN THE ISLAND OF HY.

The weather has not favoured the English Church Pageant, which closes to-night (Wednesday), and the opening days especially were very wet; yet there is no doubt that the affair has been a well-deserved success. The greatest credit is due to those who organised it, and to those who, in the garb of other days, made those days live in this century. It is to be hoped that the last has not been seen of the Pageant. Could it not be revived, even if that revival could not take place for a year?

FOR THE FOURTH TIME: J. H. TAYLOR, OPEN GOLF CHAMPION.

THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT DEAL.



1. SECOND BEST OF THE COMPETING AMATEURS: MR. ROBERT MAXWELL (TANTALLON), WHO WAS THIRTEENTH.

2. APPROACHING THE SIXTH: C. JOHNS (SOUTH DOWN), WHO WAS FOURTH.

3. BEST OF THE COMPETING AMATEURS: MR. E. A. LASSEN (LYTHAM), WHO WAS ELEVENTH.

4. TIED WITH JAMES BRAID FOR THE SECOND PLACE: TOM BALL (WEST LANCASHIRE).

5. WINNER OF THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE FOURTH TIME: J. H. TAYLOR (MID-SURREY).

6. THE SURPRISE OF THE MEETING: C. JOHNS (SOUTH DOWN), WHO FINISHED FOURTH.

7. TIED WITH TOM BALL FOR THE SECOND PLACE: JAMES BRAID (WALTON HEATH).

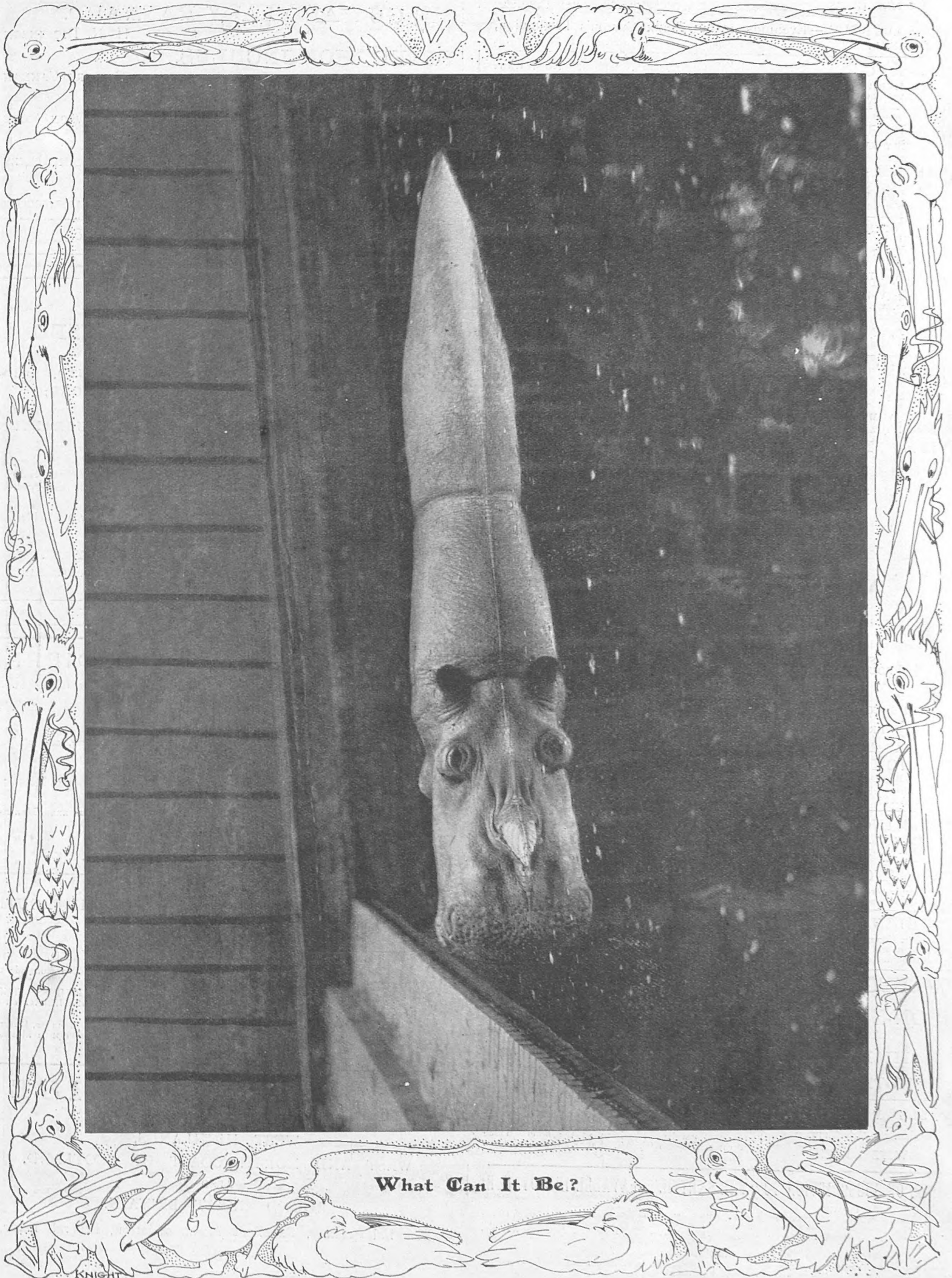
8. AFTER HIS FOURTH WIN: J. H. TAYLOR, OPEN GOLF CHAMPION, MAKING HIS SPEECH.

J. H. Taylor has won the Open Golf Championship for the fourth time, and so has equalled the record of James Braid and Harry Vardon. His total was 295 to the 301 of James Braid and Tom Ball, and the 302 of C. Johns. Mr. Lassen's total was 308; Mr. Maxwell's, 309.

Photographs by M. Dixon and Co. and the Sports Co.

THE SUMATOPOPIH: THE OKAPI ECLIPSED.

(A DWELLER IN "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



Our readers may gain a better idea of the nature of this strange beast by looking at this page, not only as they are looking at it now, but from either side. This will enable them to see three beasts, which, as a whole, are one beast, our old friend the hippopotamus—reflecting.

Photograph by Frankl.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
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The London Season,
d'y'see.

London Season generally, no, no—I've said any amount of thousands of words and covered any number of nice, well-ruled, shiny sheets of scribble-paper already about that—but *this* London Season, this particular London Season as ever is. What? 'And, before I say any epoch-makin' things and turn any brilliant phrases on the spur of the moment, I'll say this: This London Season has begun very differently from any other London Season, and is gettin' steadily more unlike its predecessors of my time every day. For instance: What about my free meals? What about lunchin' and dinin' every day with one set of pals, up for the month, or another? What, indeed! Houses, if they won't let, if no American or Australian or other foreign person will take 'em, are opened very carefully—just opened, and that's all—to sleep in, to change in, to telephone from. But that's all, d'y'see. The man-servant who attends to the bell also attends to the boots, and irons trousers and helps to make the beds, and is a composite person—a sort of signpost and odd-man, an Admirable Crichton. For the rest, there is a maid for the early

morning tea and other little jobs, and that's mostly all. There's no cook, because all meals are eaten at the Savoy or Carlton or Maison Jules, or at one or other of the numerous places round about. Now do you see one of my points? Well, that's a nasty change, ain't it? Economy—what? You may well use the word. It's economy all the time. Blinds up, window-boxes blazin', man-servant ever ready in the hall, and nothin' more. At home from home, that's the notion. Society for the most part now lives in a motor and pulls up to eat. Very nasty and very expensive for dear old Bee, take my word for it.

Of course, there are houses in full work-
in' order, here and there, the Broke Brigade.

A CHURCH MADE FROM A SINGLE TREE:
THE REMARKABLE GAMLA CHAPEL AT
UPSALA.

This building is remarkable in that the whole of the wood used in its construction came from one tree.

upon which all the Unattached Brigade and the Broke Brigade fasten tightly. Oh, yes; there are. Old, big houses; fine old, big houses; fine old, big, ugly houses, full of areas and bunged-up windows and courtyards and bits of bushes stickin' up here and there, and a gravel-path or two outside—I say outside gratuitously, forgettin' your intelligence—and a long gallery inside hung with ancestors and works of art and vertu, and odd staircases, and rooms everywhere led into from every other room, and a ghost or two here and there—here and there seem to be my pet words this time, what?—and peopled with persons with names that make one curl up and never belonged to the chosen race, sort of Whitechapel Scots, d'y'see, or somethin', and who pay through the chosen race organ, which remains a fixture, for the privilege of livin' among other people's ancestors—quite, to me, a queer hobby. I've danced in several of these fine old, big, ugly houses several times this season, and met everybody, and done myself well and nobly, and never discovered the host and hostess, both of whom were the only people about the place no one knew—which adds a certain sense of piquancy about it all, and makes one feel—if one is sensitive and gifted with imagination—a bit of a freebooter, if you follow me.

The Itch for Oldth. Really quite wonderful—at least, I think so—the peculiar love and itch these very wealthy and quite impossible creatures have for our old houses and—so to speak—us. Really quite wonderful, too—at least, I think so—the way in which we, the callous way in which we accept their invitations, dance and drink and smoke and eat their stuff, and never take the faintest notice of them. But they do it year after year, and

blantly imagine that they are in the push. They pay enough money in hard cash to keep a family, poor but proud, in golf-balls and keepers, a useful motor for station work, cartridges and flies, groceries from the nearest big town, baccy from the Haymarket, and the boys at Eton for the whole blessed year. And all for the right to live for six weeks or so in an atmosphere which the whole of their pots of money can't buy. It's rather pathetic, don't you think so?—at least, it is to me—but then, mind you, I'm just a bit of a sentimentalist, like all cynics—to see these very rich people, who have sprung, like mustard and cress, from a thin layer of earth, tryin' for all they are worth, night and day, to buy, to bribe, to pray, to force their way into the indifferent, amused, broke, callous, right set, year after year, and never succeedin'. They get us all again and again, they entertain royalty, and purchase titles, and pay architects to design coats-of-arms, but, good Lord, they never get there, they never get us to forget, they *can't* get us ever to look at 'em without—it sounds pretty rotten and in a way it is—a sort of grin. It wouldn't be so irresistibly funny if these new people didn't itch to be so frightfully old. It'd be all right if they just passed through life without calling attention to themselves. We should gradually get to know them, and, not knowin' who they were, should rather like them in the course of time. It's this quaint desire to imitate and outdo that gets on our nerves. We see ourselves caricatured, and although it's funny, it's annoyin'. Any feller who puts on no side can become popular if he's amusin' and can do one well and sorts us out right when we stay with him, and all that, eh? At least, that's the way I look at it.

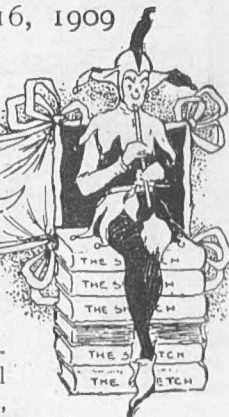
"MME. X": MME. MARGUERITE GILLOT, WINNER
OF THE FIRST PRIZE FOR A POEM AT THE
ODÉON, WITH HER CHILD.

At a recent competition at the Odéon, the first prize for a poem was awarded to a young woman known then as "Mme. X." It is now announced that she is Mme. Marguerite Gillot. Mme. Gillot ascribes her success less to her verses than to the great skill of Mme. Cora Laparcerie, who recited them. She gave her prize of a thousand francs towards the fund for the Verlaine Memorial.—[Photograph by Bolak.]



FIGHTING A TRANSIT COMPANY: A WAGON-LOAD OF FREE PASSENGERS.

A transit company of Philadelphia has raised its fares somewhat, to the disgust of certain citizens, who, as a result, have organised "I walk" clubs, and are no longer riding to and from their work. Further, many drivers of wagons have been instructed to give free rides, and motor-car owners have lent cars for the same purpose.—[Photo, by the P.J. Press Bureau.]

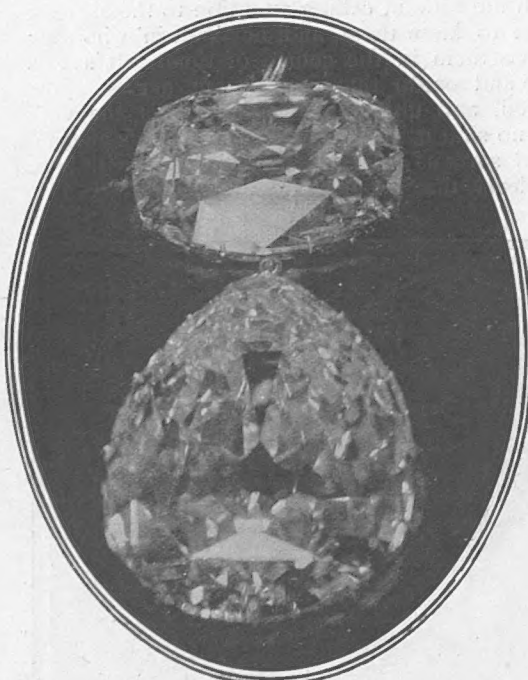


THE CLUBMAN

The Imperialistic "Cure."

A dose of Imperialism does England much good, and I am delighted to see that our politicians on both sides are taking the Imperialistic "cure," and on at least two subjects have climbed out of the fogs of party to the mountain-tops of patriotism. The "Welcome Home!" speech of Lord Rosebery, whose lonely furrow certainly has led him to a very clear view of the necessary banding together as allied countries of England and her children, has waked a comforting sentiment in the breast of every Briton who thinks a little ahead of the things of the moment. The answering clarion-calls that come from over the seas show that the charm and the clear sense of the Orator of the Empire have appealed to them as they do to us, and that, if necessary, the strong children of Britain will help their old mother over the rough places. It is quite fitting that the meeting of the men who write of things should come as a preliminary to that of the men who do things, for the Pressmen will tell of the spirit in which the Old Country is going to receive the men who wish to be ready to aid her should she want their help.

The Welcome to the Canadian Soldiers. On the day of the competition for the King Edward Cup at the Horse Show, the Canadian officers who had come across the Atlantic to compete were received with even more applause than our own officers, for we were greeting our brothers and guests, and if warmth of reception will attract horsemen from other British dominions and colonies to come and show their prowess, the Canadians can tell the Australians and the New Zealanders that there is no fault to find with the heartiness of our greeting. A knowledge of our colonies, of their men who grow the corn and herd the



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CULLINANS AS A PENDANT; THE TWO GREAT STONES AS THEY ARE WHEN THEY ARE WORN BY THE QUEEN.

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THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DIAMONDS WORN BY THE QUEEN: THE TWO GREAT CULLINANS AS A PENDANT. The two great Cullinans are used both by the King and Queen. The smaller has place in the Imperial Crown, but when this crown is not in use the gem is removed from it, and, together with the larger stone, forms a pendant worn by the Queen. The two stones are hung round her Majesty's neck by means of a platinum chain, and are also fastened to the dress. We are able to reproduce our illustration by courtesy of the "Illustrated London News," to whose enterprise was due the first photographing of the gems in their present form. The settings for the Crown and for the jewels as a pendant are the work of Messrs. Garrard, the famous Crown Jewellers.

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products and of the cattle and shear the sheep, is gradually sinking into the British mind. For many years colonies, to the mind of the frivolous classes, were places to which impecunious noblemen were sent as governors to give them a chance of recouping, and to the man in the street they were very far-off places, with the horrors of a steerage passage to be endured before they could be reached. Nowadays, even the most flighty little lady can talk intelligently of the great lands which are our heritage, and an emigrant now in all the great liners is treated as a decent human being and has many of the comforts as well as the necessities of life given him.

The "Slackers." But the comfortable knowledge that the Colonies will come to our aid, as they did in South Africa, with ships, if necessary, as well as men, is not

the slightest excuse for slackness in preparation on our part on sea or land. With what profound contempt the Australians, who have gladly accepted the principle of universal military training, would send their battalions and squadrons to help a jellyfish country that could not coax enough of its young men into its battalions to bring them to the strength which was the minimum that the experts declared to be a necessity! Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane and Mr. Balfour have endorsed Lord Rosebery's warning words, and no one can call them alarmists; but the man who has not the military spirit in him, who prefers watching cricket or football to drilling, thinks that the appeal can well be answered by the other millions of young men, and that he should be left in peace to enjoy himself. It is very difficult to see how young men of this type, the "slackers," are to be persuaded that it is their duty to handle a rifle.

Veteran Corps. We of the older generation preach and scold, but we are not allowed to set an example to the unmilitary youths. There are hundreds of elderly men, men between fifty and sixty, who would, so the doctors say, collapse under the strain of a fortnight's really hard campaigning, but who have had a training in arms as officers or warrant officers in the Regulars or Militia or Volunteers, whose hearts are in the right place, even if their legs are not as sound as they used to be, and who would be glad to shoulder a rifle for their country. It seems a pity that no use can be found for this material except as presidents and vice-presidents of rifle clubs. Were they to be allowed to form themselves into Veteran Corps, such as there are in many Con-

tinental countries, I believe that they would be useful. If Great Britain were forced to mobilise, her towns and cities would be almost stripped of trained fighting-men. To instance the capital: London would require a garrison, and two or three battalions of Guards would be kept out of the fighting-line to assist the police in dealing with the criminal bands and incendiaries who would come to the surface at once. Why should not veterans do this duty in cases of emergency, and the necessary guard duties as well, besides in times of peace setting an example of patriotism to the lads?



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SMALLER OF THE GREAT CULLINANS IN THE IMPERIAL CROWN—IN THE CENTRE, JUST ABOVE THE ERMINE BAND.

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CHIEF DANCER IN A £600-A-NIGHT BALLET.



A STAR IN THE GREATEST, MOST COSTLY BALLET IN THE WORLD: Mlle. ANNA PAVLOVA,
PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL BALLET.

The Russian Imperial Ballet, of Moscow, is the most remarkable organisation of its kind in the world. There are four stars—Mlle. Anna Pavlova, première danseuse, Mlle. Baldina, Mme. Karsavina, and M. Nijinsky. Every front-row dancer is a well-known artist, and the members of the ballet as a whole are all exceptionally gifted. Various people have been desirous of bringing the company to London, but the fact that every time they appeared here it would be at a cost of £600 has proved at present a deterrent. They are now bringing some £2000 a night into the coffers of the Châtelet, Paris.—[Photograph by E. Schneider.]

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



PRESIDENT OF THE FÊTE COMMITTEE OF THE FORTHCOMING MIDSUMMER FAIR, LADY PEMBROKE.

The Midsummer Fair is to be held in aid of the funds of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, and Lady Pembroke, as president, is taking a very active part in the arrangements.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Lady Robert Cecil. She is the proud mother of two sons and two daughters, and there is no happier home life than that seen at Wilton House. Both Lord and Lady Pembroke are worthy to own the beautiful place where Sir Philip Sidney composed his "Arcadia," and through whose grounds runs the River Nadder, on the banks of which Izaak Walton wrote his "Compleat Angler."

At Longleat.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will have a variety

of diversions, gay and the reverse of gay, during their visit to Bath, Wells, and Glastonbury next week. An address by the Archbishop of Canterbury, a thanksgiving service that, like the prize-giving at which the King is to be present about the same time, is described as brief, and the amusements—including, doubtless, jig-saw—that the Wife of Bath will provide for her guests at Longleat, form part of the programme. Longleat, one of the most beautiful of country places, was acquired by Lord Bath's ancestor, Sir John Thynne—"slim" we should call the man nowadays who appropriated

LADY PEMBROKE, who is President of the Fête Committee of the Midsummer

Fair, to be held in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, is the eldest of the clever and distinguished group of sisters which includes the Duchess of Leeds and



Photo, Dover St. Studios.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARTH" AND OF "A MERRY DEVIL," MR. JAMES BERNARD FAGAN.

Mr. J. B. Fagan, like Mr. Somerset Maugham and many another, had to wait a long time for a popular success; but there came at last a turn of the tide, and now he has two plays running at leading London theatres—"The Earth" and "A Merry Devil." It will be remembered that his "The Prayer of the Sword," created much interest.

jig-saw has actually become a serious distraction. It comes, like Judge Moore, from America, and although it usurps the attention of the drawing-room more than that of the nursery at Longleat, it is for all the world like an elderly version of the familiar child's picture-puzzle.

And however enthusiastic Lady Bath may be, it is hard to think that this new game is to replace the stirring sport that takes the hazardous road between chance and skill, and may get a tumble or win a prize from either. It will be interesting to hear how it liketh the Prince.

Chairwoman of the Women Writers' Dinner.

take the chair at the Women Writers' Dinner

CHAIRWOMAN OF THE WOMEN WRITERS' DINNER, MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST.

It was arranged that Mrs. George Cornwallis West—still, perhaps, better known as Lady Randolph Churchill—should act as chairwoman at the Women Writers' Dinner on Monday last.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Mrs. George Cornwallis West, who, it was arranged, should take the chair at the Women Writers' Dinner on Monday last, has written one of the most popular books of reminiscences published since the dawn of the new century. This clever lady, still better known to the great public by her old name of Lady Randolph Churchill, has also written a play dealing with Society—and there is no greater expert—in which the leading part is to be taken by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mrs. West, who became a grandmother this year, is full of abounding energy, and not long ago she took over the lease of Mme. Melba's beautiful house in Great Cumberland Place, quite an



GIVING A SHOW OF PORTRAITS AT THE STAFFORD GALLERIES, MISS OLIVE SNELL.

Miss Snell's work is very popular, and is somewhat in the manner of Helleu.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



AUTHOR OF "LITANY LANE," MRS. BAILLIE SAUNDERS.

Mrs. Baillie Saunders' new novel, "Litany Lane," is to be published in the early autumn, and will no doubt be dramatised. *—(Photograph by Corbett.)*

such "a seat of pleasantness." The gardens, park, and deer-park make up a particularly lovely slice of the beautiful landscape of this district of Wiltshire; but perhaps even more interesting than the landscape will be the nurseries of Longleat: the Princess of Wales does not have to simulate the interest that is always so pleasing to a mother of young children.

The Bricks of Jigsaw. It is reported that Mrs.

Wharton—who, by-the-by, is motoring in England—wrote "The House of Mirth" as a tract against bridge. And now it really seems as if something had befallen that foursome vice:

historic London thoroughfare, situated within a stone's-throw of the Marble Arch.

The Hon. Mrs. J. Henniker Heaton.

Exceptionally accomplished is the Hon. Mrs. J. Henniker Heaton, the daughter-in-law of the well-known politician, to whom all those interested in postage reform owe so much. This gifted lady is the only daughter of Lord Gwydyr, and she early took up art as a career. The French critics have a very high opinion of her work, and she exhibits in Paris as well as in London. Her exhibition of miniatures and other portraits has been very successful.



MISTRESS OF THE ROBES FOR THE CHURCH PAGEANT, MRS. ARTHUR CROXTON.

Mrs. Croxton is the wife of the well-known journalist.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD GWYDYR, THE HON. MRS. J. HENNIKER HEATON.

Mrs. J. Henniker Heaton is an able artist who exhibits both in London and Paris.

Photograph by Thomson.

A GILBERTIAN, YET SERIOUS, PRESENTMENT OF DR. JOHNSON.



THE MODERN DR. JOHNSON AS THE DR. JOHNSON: MR. GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON
AS DR. JOHNSON, IN THE CHURCH PAGEANT.

One of the most interesting figures in the Church Pageant is provided by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who appears as Dr. Johnson, one of the "Seven Immortal Churchmen" of the eighteenth century. We need hardly remind our readers that Mr. Chesterton, the well-known writer of the "Note-Book" in the "Illustrated London News," is one of the most picturesque, prolific, and able publicists of the day. Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch."

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

"A Modern Aspasia."

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's clever play deserved the kind attention and services of the Stage Society, yet proved to be a little disappointing. We laughed and laughed, and yet felt that so serious a theme seemed more meet for tears than mirth. There are ideas in it, which one cannot say of most dramas, and originality is shown in the character of Margaret, who accepted illegitimately the burden of wifedom and maternity repudiated by the lawful Mrs. Meredith, who refused to be more than the intellectual companion of her husband. I heard the play called a plea for polygamy, but the charge is inaccurate. The author merely exposes a position and its consequences, and if any moral is to be drawn, it is in favour of enlarging the basis of divorce; though, according to the facts as I understand them, Edward could have found a legal remedy if he had sought it, which seems to make the piece a case of much ado about nothing. Still, "A Modern Aspasia," even if not a soul-searching problem drama—and this, perhaps, it was not meant to be—is a witty, ingeniously diverting work, well calculated, it may be, to stagger old-fashioned playgoers, and a little too inconclusive for some of the new. Miss Lucy Wilson, an actress of great talent and much charm, played Margaret admirably. Mr. Charles Maude was irresistibly funny as a quaint stockbroker, and Mr. Dennis Eadie excellent as the husband. Mr. Arthur Whitby and Miss Nancy Price played with some ability parts not exactly suitable.

Miss Horniman's Venture.

the amusing "Widowers' Houses"—which upset the critics in 1892 and is still full of life, though it has ceased to seem extraordinary—launched the enterprise brilliantly. Miss Mona Limerick, the Blanche, if somewhat strangely extravagant, was very effective. Mr. Iden Payne played Lickcheese divertingly, if with a little mixture of dialect. Mr. Jules Shaw was a satisfactory Sartorius; and the Cokane of Mr. Bibby was a clever study of character.

"The Vale of Content."

The second event of the Horniman season was "The Vale of Content," translated or adapted anonymously from a work by Sudermann. I hardly know why a work of this type—an able, rather unpleasant piece of conventional drama—is in the repertoire. It was well played. Miss Darragh acted very finely as the heroine; Mr. Henry Austin played curiously, but ably, as the husband; and the bold, very bad Baron enabled Mr. Jules Shaw to show much energy and some passion.

"The Three Barrows."

Mr. McEvoy's cruel comedy, though it opened rather slowly and tediously, soon became very interesting, and, as a whole, is a truly fine study of life and character, which places its author in a position of real importance as dramatist. The tale of the vacillating hero who loves two women at a time is handled very ably. Miss Mona Limerick played one of the women most cleverly: she is a strange actress, full of undisciplined talent that may take her very far. Excellent work was done by Miss Bruce Potter and Messrs. Iden Payne, Basil Dean, and E. Landor.



Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE'S ONLY APPEARANCE IN LONDON THIS SEASON: THE FAMOUS DANCER IN "THE DRYAD," AT THE AFTERNOON THEATRE.

Mlle. Genée made her only appearances in London this season at the Afternoon Theatre, when she danced last week in "The Dryad," before two performances of "Admiral Guinea." The Queen having signified her intention of being present last Friday, Mlle. Genée gave also two extra dances, "Mazurka et Variations" and "Pas Militaire."

Mr. G. B. Shaw, the Afternoon Theatre at His Majesty's fell back upon "Admiral Guinea," that curious, interesting essay in the art of playwriting in which W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson showed that, though they could draw a wonderful stage-character in David Pew, they had still something to learn in the construction of a drama. Pew is certainly a strange and fascinating monster, and was played brilliantly by Mr. James Hearn; but his attempts to blackmail and rob his old Captain could have been told more effectively in less than four acts; and the story of the wooing of Kit French and Arethusa Gaunt, though it has the literary touch, is hardly of sufficient life or movement to fill in the gaps. The best thing of the afternoon was Genée's dancing in "The Dryad"; and even if the production of "The Dryad" seems hardly within the function of the Afternoon Theatre, Genée is welcome.



STEVENSON AND HENLEY'S "ADMIRAL GUINEA," AT THE AFTERNOON THEATRE: MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS KIT FRENCH, AND MR. JAMES HEARN AS DAVID PEW.

showed a combination of delightful humour with a dramatic power. The Haymarket has been fortunate enough to secure Miss Marion Terry, Mr. A. E. Matthews, and Mr. Fred Kerr for their old parts, and able work is done by Miss Gillian Scaife.

The Irish Theatre. At the Court Theatre the Irish company are paying their annual visit to London, with the plays of the late J. M. Synge as the chief attraction. Dramas such as "The Playboy of the Western World" and "The Well of the Saints" are characteristic expressions of two sides of a very fascinating and original genius, which might have, indeed has, done much for the literature of Ireland, and in Mr. Arthur Sinclair and Mr. Fred O'Donovan the company have brought over two players of genuine comic ability, who almost compensate for the absence of Mr. W. G. Fay.

"Admiral Guinea" Baulked by the Censor and "The Dryad" in its attempt to produce the latest play of

Another revival is "Peter's Mother."

"Peter's Mother," that clever little comedy in which Mrs. de la Pasture

DAMPED SPIRITS.



DORIS: Seems to me the damp's risin', 'Erbert; I think we'd better go in soon. *(They went sooner.)*

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

Ely's Automatic Housemaid

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWSON WOOD.



IN order for a man to have faith in such an invention, he would have to know Harrison Ely. For Harrison Ely was a genius. I had known him in college, a man amazingly dull in Latin and Greek and even in English, but with ideas of his own that could not be expressed in language. His bent was purely mechanical, and found expression in innumerable ingenious contrivances to facilitate the study to which he had no inclination. His self-acting lexicon-holder was a matter of admiring wonder to his classmates but it did not serve to increase the tenacity of his mental grasp upon the contents of the volume, and so did little to recommend him to the faculty. And his self-feeding safety student-lamp admirably illuminated everything for him save the true and only path to an honourable degree.

It had been years since I had seen him or thought of him, but the memory is tenacious of small things, and the big yellow envelope which I found one morning awaiting me upon my breakfast-table brought his eccentric personality back to me with a rush. It was addressed to me in the Archimedean script always so characteristic of him, combining as it seemed to do the principles of the screw and of the inclined plane, and in its superscription Harrison Ely stood unmistakably revealed.

It was the first morning of a new cook, the latest potentate of a dynasty of ten who had briefly ruled in turn over our kitchen and ourselves during the preceeding three months, and successively abdicated in favour of one another under the compelling influences of popular clamour; and in the face of such a political crisis my classmate's letter failed to receive immediate attention. Unfortunately, but not unexpectedly, the latest occupant of our culinary throne began her reign with no conspicuous reforms, and we received in gloomy silence her preliminary enactments in the way of greasy omelette and turbid and flavourless coffee, the yellow screed of Harrison Ely looking on the while with bilious sympathy as it leaned unopened against the water-bottle beside me.

As I drained the last medicinal drop of coffee my eye fell upon it, and needing a vicarious outlet for my feelings toward the cook, I seized it and tore it viciously open. It contained a letter from my classmate and half-a-dozen printed circulars. I spread open the former, and my eye fastened at once upon this sympathetic exordium:

"Doubtless, my dear friend, you have known what discomfort it is to be at the mercy of incompetent domestics——"

But my attention was distracted at this point by one of the circulars, which displayed an array of startling, cheering, alluring words, followed by plentiful exclamation points, that, like a bunch of keys, opened to my enraptured vision the gates of a terrestrial paradise, where Bridgets should be no more, and where ill-cooked

meals should become a mechanical impossibility. The boon we had been sighing for now presented itself for my acceptance, an accomplished fact. Harrison Ely had invented an "Automatic Household Beneficent Genius.—A Practical Realisation of the Fabled Familiar of the Middle Ages." So the circular set forth.

Returning to the letter, I read that Harrison Ely, having exhausted his means in working out his invention, was unable to manufacture his "machine" in quantity as yet; but that he had just two on hand which he would sell in order to raise some ready money. He hoped that I would buy one of his automata, and aid him to sell the other.

Never did a request come at a more propitious moment. I had always entertained a kindness for Harrison Ely, and now such was my disgust at the incompetence of Bridget and Juliana and their predecessors that I was eager to stake the price of a "Household Beneficent Genius" on the success of my friend's invention.

So, having grasped the purport of the circulars and letter, I broke forth to my wife:

"My dear, you've heard me speak of Harrison Ely——"

"That man who is always so near doing something great, and never *has* done anything?" said she.

"He has done it at last!" I declared. "Harrison Ely is one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever seen. He has invented an 'Automatic-Electric Machine-Servant.'"

My wife said, "Oh!"

There was not an atom of enthusiasm in that "Oh!" but I was not to be daunted.

"I am ready," I resumed, "to invest my bottom dollar in *two* of Harrison Ely's machine-servants."

Her eyes were fixed upon me as if they would read my very soul. "What do they cost?" she mildly asked.

"In comparison with the benefits to be derived, little enough. Listen!" I seized a circular at random, and began to read—

"The Automatic Household Genius, a veritable Domestic Fairy, swift, silent, sure; a Permanent, Inalienable, First-class Servant, warranted to give Satisfaction."

"Ah!" said my wife; and the enthusiasm that was lacking in the "Oh!" made itself eloquent in that "Ah!" "What is the price?" she asked again.

"The price is all right, and we are going to try the experiment."

"Are we though?" said she, between doubt and desire.

"Most assuredly; it will be a saving in the end. I shall write to Harrison Ely this very night."

The return mail brought me a reply stating that two Electric-Automatic Household Beneficent Geniuses had been shipped me by express. The letter enclosed a pamphlet that gave a more particular account of the E. A. H. B. G.

than the circulars contained. My friend's invention was shaped in the likeness of the human figure, with body, head, arms, legs, hands, and feet. It was clad in waterproof cloth, with a hood of the same to protect the head, and was shod with felt. The trunk contained the wheels and springs, and in the head was



Harrison Ely had invented an "Automatic Household Beneficent Genius."

fixed the electric battery. The face, of bisque, was described as possessing "a very natural and pleasing expression."

Just at dusk an oblong box arrived by express and was duly delivered in our hall, but at my wife's urgent entreaty I consented not to unpack the machines until next day.

"If we should not get the knack of managing them, they might give us trouble," said this wise wife of mine.

I agreed to this, and having sent away Bridget with a week's wages, to the satisfaction of all parties, we went to bed in high hopes.

Early next morning we were astir.

"My dear," I said, "do not give yourself the least concern about breakfast; I am determined that Harrison's invention shall have fair play."

"Very well," my wife assented; but she prudently administered bread-and-butter to her offspring.

I opened the oblong box, where lay the automata side by side, their hands placidly folded upon their waterproof breasts, and their eyes looking placidly expectant from under their waterproof hoods.

I confess the sight gave me a shock. Anna Maria turned pale; the children hid their faces in her skirts.

"Once out of the box," I said to myself, "and the horror will be over."

The machines stood on their feet admirably, but the

issued the command, "Non-combatants to the rear!" and was promptly obeyed.

What happened next I do not pretend to account for. By what subtle and mysterious action of electricity, by what unerring affinity, working through a marvellous mechanism, that Electric-Automatic Household Beneficent Genius, whom—or which, for short—we called Juliana, sought its appropriate task, is the inventor's secret. I don't undertake to explain, I merely narrate. With a "click" the connection was made, and the new Juliana went upstairs at a brisk and business-like pace.

We followed in breathless amazement. In less than five minutes bed number one was made, and in a twinkling the second was taken in hand, and number three also was fairly accomplished, long before the allotted thirty minutes had expired. By this time familiarity had somewhat dulled that awe and wonder with which we had gaped upon the first performance, and I beheld a smile of hopeful satisfaction on my wife's anxious countenance.

Our youngest, a boy aged three, was quick to feel the genial influence of this smile, and, encouraged thereby, he bounced into the middle of the first bed. Hardly had he alighted there when our automaton, having finished making the third bed, returned to her first job, and, before we could imagine mischief



Anna Maria turned pale; the children hid their faces in her skirts.

horror was not materially lessened by this change of position. However, I assumed a bold front, and said jocosely—

"Now, which is Bridget, and which is Juliana—which the cook, and which the housemaid?"

This distinction was made clear by dial-plates and indicators, set conspicuously between the shoulders, an opening being cut in the waterproof for that purpose. The housemaid's dial-plate was stamped around the circumference with the words: Bed, Broom, Duster, Door-bell, Dining-room Service, Parlour Service, etc. In like manner, the cook's dial-plate bore the words that pertained to her department. I gave myself first to "setting" the housemaid, as being the simpler of the two.

"Now, my dear," said I confidently, "we shall see how *this* Juliana can make the beds."

I proceeded, according to the pamphlet's directions, to point the indicator to the word "Bed." Next, as there were three beds to be made, I pushed in three of the five little red points surrounding the word. Then I set the "clock" connected with the indicator for a thirty minutes' job, thinking it might take about ten minutes to a bed. I did not consult my wife, for women do not understand machinery, and any suggestion of hesitancy on my part would have demoralised her.

The last thing to be done was to connect the indicator with the battery, a simple enough performance in itself, but the pamphlet of directions gave a repeated and red-lettered "CAUTION," never to interfere with the machine while it was at work! I therefore

the mattresses were jerked about, and the child was tumbled head-foremost on the floor!

Had the flesh-and-blood Juliana been guilty of such an act she should have been dismissed on the spot; but as it was, no one of us ventured so much as a remonstrance. My wife lifted the screaming child, and the imperturbable machine went on to readjust the bed with mechanical exactitude.

At this point a wild shout of mingled exultation, amazement, and terror arose from below, and we hastened downstairs to find our son John hugging his elbows and capering frantically in front of the kitchen-door, where the electric cook was stirring empty nothing in a pan, with a zeal worthy a dozen eggs.

My eldest hopeful, impelled by that spirit of enterprise and audacity characteristic of nine-year-old boys, had ventured to experiment with the kitchen automaton, and by sheer accident had effected a working connection between the battery and the indicator, and the machine, in "going off," had given the boy a blow that made him feel, as he expressed it, "like a funny-bone all over."

"And served you right!" cried I. The thing was set for an hour and a half of work, according to the showing of the dial-plate, and no chance to stop it before I must leave for my office. Had the materials been supplied, we might have had breakfast; but, remembering the red-lettered "CAUTION," we dared not supply materials while that indefatigable spoon was gyrating in the empty pan. For my distraction, Kitty, my daughter of seven years, now called to me from upstairs—

"Papa, you'd better come, quick! It's a-tearin' up these beds!"

"My dear," I sighed, "there's no way to stop it. We'll have to wait for the works to run down. I must call Harrison's attention to this defect. He ought to provide some sort of brake."

We went upstairs again. The B. G. Juliana stood beside the bed which she had just torn up for the sixth or seventh time, when suddenly she became, so to speak, paralysed; her arms, in the act of spreading the sheets, dropped by her sides, her back stiffened, and she stood absolutely motionless, leaving her job unfinished—the B. G. would move no more until duly "set" again.

I now discovered that I was hungry. "If that Fiend in the kitchen were only at work about something substantial, instead of whipping the air into imaginary omelettes!" I groaned.

"Never mind," said my wife; "I've a pot of coffee on the kero-sene stove."

Bless her! She was worth a thousand Beneficent Geniuses, and so I told her.

I did not return until late, but I was in good spirits, and I greeted my wife gaily—

"Well, how do they work?"

"Like fiends!"

my usually placid helpmeet replied, so vehemently that I was alarmed. "They flagged at first," she proceeded excitedly, "and I oiled them, which I am not going to do, ever again. According to the directions, I poured the oil down their throats. It was horrible! They seemed to me to drink it greedily."

"Nonsense! That's your imagination."

"Very well," said Anna Maria. "You can do the oiling in future. They took a good deal this morning; it wasn't easy to stop pouring it down. And they worked—*obstreperously*. That Fiend in the kitchen has cooked all the provisions I am going to supply *this* day, but still she goes on, and it's no use to say a word."

"Don't be absurd," I remonstrated. "The thing is only a machine." "I'm not so sure about that!" she retorted. "As for the other one—I set it sweeping, and it is sweeping still!"

We ate the dinner prepared by the kitchen Fiend, and really, I was tempted to compliment the cook in a set speech, but recollected myself in time to spare Anna Maria the triumph of saying, "I told you so!"

Now, that John of mine, still in pursuit of knowledge, had spent the day studying Harrison Ely's pamphlet, and he learned that the machines could be set, like an alarm-clock, for any given hour. Therefore, as soon as the Juliana had collapsed over a pile of dust in the middle of the hall, John, unknown to us, set her indicator to the broom-handle for seven o'clock the following morning. When the Fiend in the kitchen ran down, leaving everything in confusion, my much-tried wife persuaded me to give my exclusive attention to that machine, and the Juliana was put safely in a corner. Thus it happened that John's interference escaped detection. I set Bridget's indicator for kitchen-cleaning at seven-thirty the next morning.

"When we understand them better," I said to my wife, "we will set their morning tasks for an earlier hour, but we won't put it too early now, since we must first learn their ways."

"That's the trouble with all new servants," said Anna Maria.

The next morning, at seven-thirty precisely, we were awakened by a commotion in the kitchen.

"By George Washington!" I exclaimed. "The Thing's on time!"

I needed no urging to make me forsake my pillow, but Anna Maria was ahead of me.

"Now, my dear, don't get excited," I exhorted, but in vain.

"Don't you hear?" she whispered in terror. "The other one!—swe—cep—ing!" And she darted from the room.

I paused to listen, and heard the patter of three pairs of little bare feet across the hall upstairs. The children were following their mother.

The next sound I heard was like the dragging of a rug along the floor. I recognised this peculiar sound as the footsteps of the B. G. Then came a dull thud, mingled with a shout from Johnnie, a scream from my wife, and the terrified cries of the two younger children. I rushed out just in time to see John, in his night-clothes, with his hair on end, tear downstairs like a streak of lightning. My little Kitty and the three-year-old baby stood clasped in each other's arms at the head of the stairs, sobbing in terror, and half-way down was my wife, leaning over the railing, with ashen face and rigid body, her fascinated gaze fixed upon a dark and struggling mass in the hall below.

John, when he reached the bottom of the stairs, began capering like a goat gone mad, digging the floor with his bare heels, clapping his hands with an awful glee, and shouting—

"Bet your bottom dollar on the one that whips!"

The Juliana and the Bridget were fighting for the broom.

I comprehended the situation intuitively. The kitchen-cleaning, for which the Fiend had been "set," had reached a point that demanded the broom, and that subtle, attractive affinity which my friend's genius had known how to produce, but had not learned to regulate, impelled the unerring automaton towards the only broom in the house, which was now in the hands of its fellow-automaton, and a struggle was inevitable. What I could not understand—Johnnie having kept his own counsel—was this uncontrollable sweeping impulse that possessed the Juliana.

However, this was no time for investigating the exact cause of the terrific row now going on in our front hall. The Beneficent Geniuses had each a firm grip of the broom-handle, and they might have performed the sweeping very amicably together, could they but have agreed as to the field of labour; but their conflicting tendencies on this point brought about a rotary motion that sent them spinning around the hall, and kept them alternately cracking



The mattresses were jerked about, and the child was tumbled head-foremost on the floor.

each other's heads with a violence that ought to have drawn blood. Considering their life-likeness, we should hardly have thought it strange if blood *had* flowed; and it would have been a relief had the combatants but called each other names, so much did their dumbness intensify the horror of a struggle; in the midst of which the waterproof hoods fell off, revealing their startlingly human countenances, not distorted by angry passions, but resolute, inexorable, calm, as though each were sustained in the contest by a lofty sense of duty.

"They're alive! Kill 'em! Kill 'em quick!" shrieked my wife, as the gyrating couple moved towards the staircase.

"Let 'em alone," said Johnnie—his sporting blood, which he inherits from his father, thoroughly roused—dancing about the automatic pugilists in delight, and alternately encouraging the one or the other to increased efforts.

Thus the fight went on with appalling energy and reckless courage on both sides, my wife wringing her hands upon the staircase, our infants wailing in terror upon the landing above, and I wavering between an honest desire to see fair play and an apprehensive dread of consequences which was not unjustified.

In one of their frantic gyrations, the figures struck the hat-rack and promptly converted it into a mass of splinters. In a minute more they became involved with a rubber-plant—the pride of my wife's heart—and distributed it impartially all over the premises. From this they cannoned against the front-door, wrecking both its stained-glass panes, and then down the length of the hall they sped again, fighting fiercely and dealing one another's imperturbable countenances ringing blows with the disputed broom.

We became aware, through Johnnie's excited comments, that Juliana had lost an ear in the fray, and presently it was discernible that a fractured nose had somewhat modified the set geniality of expression that had distinguished Bridget's face in its prime.

How this fierce and equal

combat would have culminated if further prolonged no one but Harrison Ely can conjecture, but it came to an abrupt termination as the parlour clock chimed eight—the hour when the two automata should have completed their appointed tasks.

Though quite late at my office that morning, I wired Ely before attending to business. Long-haired, gaunt and haggard, but cheerful as ever, he arrived next day, on fire with enthusiasm. He could hardly be persuaded to refresh himself with a cup of coffee before he took his two recalcitrant Geniuses in hand. It was curious to see him examine each machine, much as a physician would examine a patient. Finally his brow cleared, he gave a little puff of satisfaction, and exclaimed—

"Why, man alive, there's nothing the matter—not a thing! What you consider a defect is really a merit—merely a surplus of mental energy. They've had too big a dose of oil. Few housekeepers have any idea about proper lubrication," and he emitted another little snort, at which my wife coloured guiltily.

"I see just what's wanted," he resumed. "The will-power generated and not immediately expended becomes cumulative and gets beyond control. I'll introduce a little compensator, to take up the excess

and regulate the flow. Then a child can operate them."

It was now Johnnie's turn to blush.

"Ship 'em right back to the factory, and we'll have 'em all right in a few days. I see where the mechanism can be greatly improved, and when you get 'em again I know y'o u'll never consent to part with 'em!"

That was four months ago. The "Domestic Fairies" have not yet been returned from Harrison's laboratory, but I am confidently looking for the familiar oblong packing-case, and expect any day to see in the papers the prospectus of the syndicate which Ely informs me is being "promoted" to manufacture his automatic house-maid.

THE END.



"They've had too big a dose of oil."



John, unknown to us, set her indicator to the broom-handle for seven o'clock the following morning.

WOMAN AND WINE — AND DRESS : "THE WOMAN IN THE CASE," AT THE GARRICK.



A STUDY IN MAKE-UP, MANNER, AND COSTUME: MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS CLAIRE FORSTER.

Julian Rolfe is accused of the murder of his best friend, is arrested, and is taken to the Tombs. The circumstantial evidence against him is very strong, and he is in grave danger of meeting his death by electrocution. The only person who can save him is Claire Forster. She knows the truth as to the dead man's end. Unfortunately for the prisoner, she is his enemy: he warned his friend against her wife. So she makes up her mind not to speak in his favour at the trial.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

IN THE TOMBS AND IN THE TOILS:

PRISON, PATCHOULI, AND PRETENCE IN "THE WOMAN IN THE CASE," AT THE GARRICK.



1. CLAIRE FORSTER (MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH), THE WOMAN IN THE CASE, DRINKS WITH HER "FRIEND" LOUIS KLAUFFSKY (MR. E. DAGNALL) IN MARGARET ROLFE'S FLAT.

2. MARGARET ROLFE (MISS GRACE LANE) VISITS THE TOMBS PRISON, THERE TO SEEK TO COMFORT HER HUSBAND, JULIAN ROLFE (MR. HERBERT SLEATH), WHO IS CHARGED WITH MURDER.

3. MARGARET ROLFE SEEKS TO WORM FROM THE HALF-DRUNKEN CLAIRE FORSTER THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DEATH OF THE MAN JULIAN ROLFE IS ACCUSED OF HAVING MURDERED.

—Margaret Rolfe, Julian's wife, comes to hear of her, suspects that she knows more than she will tell, and sets about worming her secret from her. She is a stranger to Claire, and so finds it comparatively easy to gain her confidence. For many days she works, always without result: Claire will not speak. Then at last drink breaks down the reserve of the woman in the case; she blurts out the fact that the supposed murdered man committed suicide; and in the end, all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

BUT FUNERAL PREFERRED!



THE SUCCESSFUL COMEDIAN: Cheer up, old man; we all have our trials.

THE DISAPPOINTED TRAGEDIAN: It's a comforting reflection. I shall certainly attend yours.

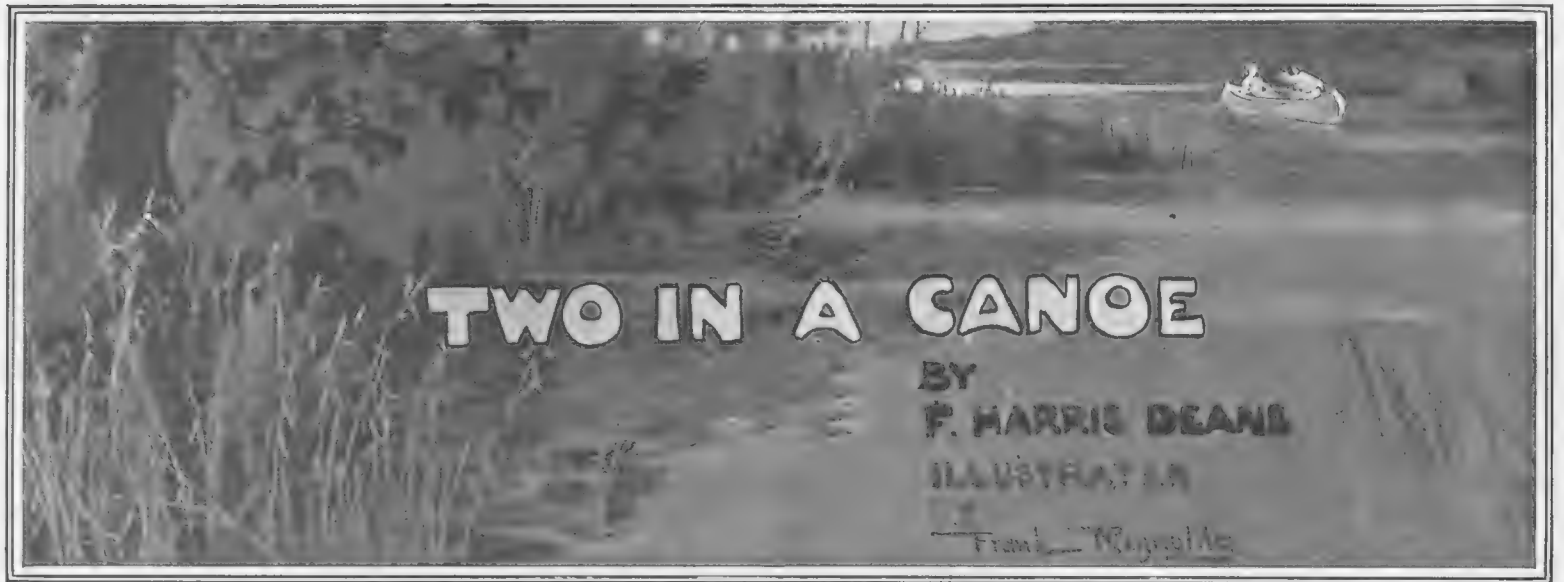
DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BÈRE.

WHERE CAN HIS BOOTS HAVE BEEN?



THE MORNING AFTER: A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



"HULLO!" said the girl, pausing abruptly on the edge of the lawn. "Where's Margaret?"

"Margaret," answered the young man, rising, "has gone out with her mother."

"Oh!" said the girl; "but she said yesterday she'd be at home."

"And you believed her?" His tone was politely curious.

"Of course: why shouldn't I have?"

"Oh, well, no reason—only (I'm sure I've read it somewhere) don't you girls have instinct or something?"

"You're thinking of dogs," she explained. "Isn't anybody at home?"

"Couldn't you add 'except yourself'?" he suggested gently.

"Except yourself," she said obediently.

"Thank you. There's no sense in wantonly wounding a person's feelings, is there? No; everybody's out. I may as well warn you that your cries will be useless."

"Thanks for telling me. Will tears be of any avail?"

"Absolutely no good," he declared, with a portentous shake of the head.

"Is it permissible to ask what you are going to do with me?"

"It's not allowed by the rules," was the answer, "but I don't mind telling you. I'm going to take you out in a canoe."

"Horror!" cried the girl, clasping her hands together.

"And talk to you," he continued firmly.

"But that's torture," she protested. "Are you sure that's allowed?"

"Positive—in fact, it's compulsory."

"By the way," he inquired, as he helped her to embark, "do you know why I'm taking you out in the canoe?"

"Haven't the most exciting idea. Why are you?"

"Well, I'll tell you before I get in, in case you upset the boat. I'm going to propose to you."

"Have you been lunching much to-day?"

The young man repelled the insinuation with a wave of his hand. "You needn't get excited yet awhile," he mentioned, as he took his seat in the boat; "I shan't do it suddenly. I shall work up to it gradually."

"You know the rudiments," she commented approvingly.

"Who put you up to the canoe, though?"

"I've forgotten her name now. She was one of the first

girls I ever proposed to. I always do my proposing in canoes now."

"I've received most of my proposals in canoes, too," said the girl. "It seems like Fate, doesn't it? But how do you manage in the winter?"

"I never propose in the winter," said the young man, with a touch of severity. "I should have thought you would have seen it is impossible. One hasn't time to make a nicely graded, artistic declaration of love between dances."

"I see. You're not a believer in the volcanic-eruption style, then?"

"Too dangerous. It's liable to throw a girl off her balance, and one never knows what she may do then."

"She may even accept you," suggested the girl.

The young man nodded gloomily.

"I've had that happen in a canoe though," he declared. "Still the case was a very young one. I believe, in fact, that it was her first proposal. I suppose in such a case one always does jump?" He looked at his companion inquiringly.

"It's more a question of temperament than of age," was the reply. "Except, perhaps, when one's over thirty, and then it is a question of age."

The young man paddled for a while in silence.

"By the way," he said, "you don't mind my giving you a few helpers, do you?"

"I shall welcome them," the girl assured him.

"Well, aren't you forgetting your opportunities?"

"I? Good gracious, what ought I to do? I thought I had only to sit quiet, keep my head, and be prepared to look surprised."

The young man looked at her reprovingly.

"This is not the occasion for artlessness," he said. "You know quite well you ought to have been dabbling your fingers in the water ten minutes ago."

The girl stared at him in slight bewilderment, and then suddenly her face cleared.

"And turn my sleeves up, do you mean?"

"Certainly. I thought you knew the rules."

"Sorry," said the girl. With a little laugh, she began to turn back her wristband.



"Your hair does curl naturally, after all," he said.

"Unless, of course, you want to encourage me," he continued, "and then you get me to tuck 'em up for you."

The girl bit her lip to restrain her mirth.

"Ought I to encourage you, do you think?" she inquired doubtfully.

With her head on one side, she watched him deliberate for a while on this question.

Then—she had a tender heart—she took pity on him.

"Oh, well, you may." She extended her arm towards him.

A slightly shocked look came into the young man's face.

"This is shamelessness!" he cried.

"But you said——" She looked at him in astonishment.

"Only necessity should persuade you to allow me to do such a thing," he explained.

"Oh, necessity."

"You must wet your fingers first, and decide to have your sleeves up afterwards. I don't believe you've ever been in a canoe before!" He appeared somewhat indignant.

"You can't expect me to be such an expert as you," she said apologetically, as she trailed her fingers in the stream.

"Expert! But this is merely the elementary stage. I'm disappointed in you; you're spoiling my afternoon."

"That's very rude of you," she said, with a pout, "and I don't believe it's true either. I think you're enjoying yourself very much. Are my fingers wet enough yet?"

For answer the young man shipped his paddle, and bent forward towards the girl.

She interrupted his summary hurriedly.

"You can have the cigarette back again," she cried, proffering it.

"You've been smoking it," he pointed out. When one is about to express a simile—especially so far-drawn a one as to liken a heart to a cigarette—it is as well to hasten to the end before one is misunderstood. He paused.

"I beg your pardon," she said haughtily; "I forgot that."

"I—I—you don't understand." In his eagerness to seize the cigarette, he rose to his feet.

Banal though it was, the canoe upset!

"Can you swim?" cried the girl in alarm, as she rose to the surface.

The young man stifled a groan of anguish.

"No," he said; "I shall have to wade."

When they reached the bank, the girl looked at his dripping figure, her eyes sparkling.

"I said it would be an interesting afternoon," she reminded him triumphantly.

"I wish you wouldn't stare at me like that," she protested, flushing slightly; "I know I'm very wet."

"Your hair does curl naturally, after all," he said, with a pleased smile; "I always said it did."

"They make them to stand water nowadays," explained the girl. "I should have thought you'd have known that. Aren't you going in again to get the boat?"

"No, I'm going to walk home. How do you fix them on?—with a hairpin?"

"What! Oh, those curls. Yes."



"I've received most of my proposals in canoes, too," said the girl.

"Thank you," she said, a minute later, gazing with some approval at her white arms. "Ought you to have looked at me like that, though?"

"What was wrong with it?"

"Nothing. It was a very nice look. I only wanted to know. It must have taken a lot of practice to acquire."

The young man nodded in some pride.

"It's the first time I've really got it, though," he said.

The girl threw him a startled look; but he was searching for his cigarette-case, and failed to see it.

"Really! This promises to be quite an eventful afternoon, then."

She watched him extract a cigarette from his case.

"Mayn't I have a cigarette, too?" she inquired plaintively.

"What are you looking so depressed about?" she asked, as he threw the stump of the match in the water. "Don't you like me to smoke?"

"Under the circumstances, no."

"Under the——!" she began in alarm. "Oh, do tell me; am I missing my cue or something? Why don't you approve?"

"Because," he answered with much simplicity, "it's my last cigarette."

"Oh, I am sorry," she cried self-accusingly. "I am a pig. Why didn't you tell me before?"

"My artistic instinct," he explained mournfully. "This gives me an excellent opportunity of informing you that everything I have is at your disposal. Heart, hand, cigarette——"

"Won't you give me one? As a souvenir, you know."

"We shall get our deaths of cold if we stand here," said the girl.

"But my curl."

"I've some new ones coming. I'll give you one of those," she promised. "Come along."

She avoided his eye, and tapped the ground nervously with her foot.

"They don't come off really," she whispered. "Let go my hand."

The young man seized her other hand before he replied.

"You silly, it's not a curl I want."

"I didn't propose to you in the boat, after all," said the young man, as they went down to look at the canoe.

"No," said the girl.

She looked at him for a moment, and then began to laugh softly.

The young man looked at her doubtfully.

"That was really very funny of me," he said approvingly; "but—er—do you mind telling me the joke, in your own words?"

The girl, with an effort, looked at him in wide-eyed gravity.

"It's not a joke," she said; "it's very serious for me."

"Shall we sit in the shade," suggested the young man in tired accents, "until you think I'm strong enough to bear it?"

"Why," said the girl, "you haven't asked me to marry you at all yet."

The young man passed his hand wearily across his forehead. "It's the heat," he murmured; "thanks for reminding me. Will you?"

"Yes," said the girl.

THE END.

"FIVE PARTS FLESH, AND ONE PART BONY":

"A MERRY DEVIL," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.



1. CAPTAIN BAMBAZONE IS GIVEN A DRAUGHT OF ICED WINE AFTER HE HAS EATEN OF FIGS, FEELS QUALMS OF "CONSCIENCE" IN A REGION THAT IS NEARER THE EARTH THAN IS HIS HEAD, IS PERSUADED THAT HE IS POISONED, AND IS CARRIED OFF THE SCENE.
2. MADONNA GERALDA CAPPONI DIRECTS THE DRESSING OF A HOG SHE HAS KILLED IN THE CLOTHES OF BAMBAZONE, THAT SHE MAY PERSUADE SIR PHILLIP LILLEY TO BURY THE BODY AS THAT OF THE CAPTAIN, WHOM SHE PRETENDS TO HAVE POISONED.

In the first photograph, the chief figures, reading from left to right, are Master Bobbie Andrews as Serafino, Mr. C. Aubrey Smith as Sir Phillip Lilley, Miss Adeline Bourns as Semiramis, Mr. Cyril Maude as Captain Bambazone, Miss Jessie Bateman as Madonna Cassandra del Tassinari, and Miss Winifred Emery as Madonna Geralda Capponi; in the second are Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Jessie Bateman.

Many people profess themselves in love with Madonna Geralda Capponi; among them Captain Bambazone, a glutton for everything save fighting, described by Count Silvio Spini, as "five parts flesh, and one part bony"; Count Silvio himself; and Sir Phillip Lilley, a very staid Englishman. To punish Bambazone, Madonna Geralda gives him a draught of iced white wine, immediately after he has eaten many figs. As a result, he is made extremel, uncomfortable, and is convinced that he is poisoned,—

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

WOOING WITH A WHIP, AND WINNING :

"A MERRY DEVIL," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.



1. SIR PHILLIP LILLEY, HAVING BURIED THE BODY OF THE HOG AS THAT OF BAMBAZONE, LEARNS THAT HE HAS BEEN HOAXED BY MADONNA GERALDA, IS EXCEEDINGLY ANGRY, AND MAKES UP HIS MIND TO WHIP HER.
2. BAMBAZONE, HAVING HEARD OF THE WHIPPING OF MADONNA GERALDA, PROMISES TO REVENGE HER, TRAPS SIR PHILLIP, AND HAS HIM BOUND BY A NUMBER OF SERVANTS.

In the first photograph, reading from left to right, the chief figures are: Mr. C. Aubrey Smith as Sir Phillip Lilley, Mr. John Harwood as Messer Lorenzo Sirballi, Mr. Cyril Maude as Captain Bambazone, Miss Winifred Emery as Madonna Geralda Capponi, Mr. A. Holmes-Gore as Count Silvio Spini, and Miss Jessie Bateman as Madonna Cassandra dei Tassinari; in the second are Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. C. Aubrey Smith.

—As a test for Sir Phillip, Madonna Geralda tells him that Bambazone is dead and that he was poisoned by her, and asks him, of his love for her, to bury the body secretly. The said body is nothing more than a hog, in a sack from which Bambazone's boots protrude. This, after many qualms of conscience, the Englishman buries, only to find immediately afterwards that he has been made a laughing-stock. Then he goes out and whips Madonna Geralda. She, of course, is both angry and humiliated, and swears revenge, a revenge that Bambazone promises to carry out. Sir Phillip is duly set upon and bound, and Madonna Geralda is about to thrash him when she repents. In the end, of course, Sir Phillip tames the shrew.—[Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.]

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A Critic from Our Side.

Last week I wrote about Mr. Price Collier's criticism of ourselves. This week it is t'other way on. One of us has been criticising Mr. Price Collier—or at any rate, his fellow-countrymen—and I may as well take "Elizabeth Visits America," by Elinor Glyn (Duckworth), as my theme by way of balance, especially as it is the only new book I happen to have read in the interval. As it may be easily imagined, Mrs. Glyn, speaking in the tones and from the point of view of her Elizabeth, is a different sort of critic from Mr. Collier, being deliberately dashing and superficial and frolicsome. Nevertheless, Elizabeth is by no means to be despised as an observer, and whether she is right or wrong, whether Mr. Collier would agree or not, her notes on the various sorts of American men and women are interesting and amusing. But first of Elizabeth herself.

Elizabeth Again. I confess that the old Elizabeth, she of the original country-house visits in England, seemed to me quite a delightful young thing. I say "confess," because some of my superior friends, I remember, fell upon me for saying so. They fell upon me heavily when some literary paper had a "symposium" about one's favourite book of the year, and I voted for Elizabeth. (I don't think the year can have been very prolific in great works, all the same.) They said she was a minx. Well, but what of that? Because you are refined and cultured and all that, are there to be no more minxes? She was a delightful minx, with a distinctly humorous and original way of putting things. I am told that Mrs. Glyn's books since then have not been so good, but people always say that if one leads off with a success. Anyhow, I was delighted to meet Elizabeth again. But have I met her? Mrs. Glyn knows better than I, but somehow I doubt if Elizabeth would not have developed rather more in eight or nine years of married life—she was such a clever girl. And is it the same face grown older on the frontispiece? I don't possess the other work, but I am sure it is not. This face is a very pretty one, but it is not the same type, surely. A mistake of Mrs. Glyn's, if I am right, because it destroys one's illusion. Another objection I have is that Elizabeth does not sound quite as though she had lived in the atmosphere assumed all this time. Mind you, I don't say for a moment that marchionesses are all finely bred and aristocratically minded people; it is not probable. You remember my remarkable discovery about duchesses? I pointed out that our novelists always write as though duchesses had been born duchesses, as it were, with a fund of aristocratic nice-feeling and good-manners in the background, whatever their superficial way of going on, whereas in truth duchesses are not born duchesses, and quite unduchess-like people may marry dukes.

Very good; but Elizabeth is given us as a girl of gentle stock, properly bred up by gentle relations. Well, then, after eight years of being a marchioness, would she be quite so preoccupied with people's manners and their differences from her own set, and men's clothes and all that? And would she, in writing to her mother, be quite so mock-innocent and arch? When a young man's arm, put round her on some occasion, trembled, she "supposed it was the effect of the journey": would she have been quite so minxish still? Perhaps; I only suggest.

Easterners and Westerners.

Elizabeth's most interesting point is the very great differences between Eastern and Western American men. In New York she is extremely critical. The men there seemed to her sexless—like aunts and grandmothers. Yes; but was it quite modest of her, dearest Mamma, to assume that, because they didn't make love to her, they made love to nobody? In Chicago she seems to have been chiefly struck with their thickness of body—"thick noses, thick hair, thick arms, thick legs, and nearly invariably clean-shaven and keen-looking." They, too, seemed to lack something she required. But once in the real West, Elizabeth enjoyed herself immensely, and grows quite ecstatic over the men's beautiful figures, picturesque attire, and charming manners. I wonder if there really is all this difference? I dare say so; out-of-door and vigorous lives do make for the unconsciousness of self and effect which we call good manners; still, Elizabeth is rather extreme. In New York, by the way, she says much what Mr. Henry James said on his last visit there—that the women seem to dress elaborately merely for one another, and that the plutocratic society lacks point and object,

or words to that effect. I wish Mr. Price Collier, or someone like him who knows it well, would tell us the real inwardness of this plutocratic society business. Personally, I think plutocracy always and everywhere odious, and only barely tolerable when, as in England, it is softened by a strong tradition; and I am bound to say Mrs. Glyn's account of it in New York and Chicago by no means mitigates my views. But Americans ought to forgive her much for her portrait of a Senator, a really fine old fellow, with strength and gentleness in him: it is touched in rather sentimentally, but is evidently a sincere piece of observation. By the way, she holds the same fallacy as Mr. Collier—and nearly everybody else—about the "youthfulness" of Americans. Why on earth... but I am tired of explaining the point. A most amusing book, and by no means uninteresting. But I am still disappointed in Elizabeth herself. Her development had better possibilities, but these revivals are always dangerous.

N. O. I.



CABBY (to motor-bus driver, whose engine has broken down): Nah then, shove that sardine-tin out of the road. The smell 'ull spoil my 'oss's lunch.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

"The Rude Sea Grew Civil at Her Song"—of Course.



THE COMING IN OF THE TIDE.

Photograph by Peter Elfelt, Copenhagen.

From the World's Garden: Tea Rose.

"THE ROSE IS FAIREST WHEN 'TIS BUDDING NEW."

From a Drawing by Frank Haviland.

From the World's Garden: Red Rose.



A ROSEBUD SET WITH LITTLE WILFUL THORNS.

From a Drawing by Frank Haviland.

Much of a Muchness : The Hooped Dress of Yesterday.



MY LADY OF THE COURTLY
CRINOLINE.

In the early days of Victoria the Good, when ladies were slow of movement, languishing of look, ribboned and shawled, frilled and furbelowed, the crinoline, that revival of the farthingale that was so popular from the spacious days of Elizabeth to the time of the fourth George, was in high favour. The ultra-modern has learned to scoff at the hoop; yet a few hanker for its return, realising full well its beauty and its quaint dignity.

Photograph of Mlle. Hantelme by Boyer.

Little of a Littleness: The Directoire Dress of To-morrow.



MY LADY OF THE DIVIDED
DIRECTOIRE.

In these present days of grace, when ladies are fast of movement, keen of look, tweeded and tailor-dressed, frillless and ribbonless, the sheath-gown of the Directoire period is found best to vary the costume of heavy cloth. Nothing could be removed further than it from the hooped dress of the Early Victorian; and there are those who are inclined to whoop at it, rather than see in it a becoming successor to its voluminous predecessor, even when it is worn by so charming a person as the lady illustrated.

Photograph by Reallinger.

The Bathers of Britain: Serious and Smiling.



BREAKERS AHEAD.

Photograph by C. Holland.



COLD COMFORT.

Photograph by C. Holland.



TO BE OR NOT TO BE?
A SAND-BATH OR A
SEA-BATH.

Photograph by C. Holland.



THE SKIPPER.

Photograph of Miss Sybil Walsh by the Downy Street Studios.



THE MATE.

Photograph of Miss Cora Carey by Faulstich and Banfield.

There is a certain seriousness about the British bather that goes fittingly perhaps with the seriousness of our seas, which frown even when they smile, and are sullen so often that they have earned for themselves a worse reputation than they deserve. And the British bathing-dress is apt to reflect the mood of the wearer. When at its simplest, in the Oxford form, it is at its best, and seems a thing of sadness or a thing of joy according to its owner. In different manner is the skirted gown—at times ornamental, and, in a strictly proper sense, French; at others neither French nor ornamental, a hideous reminiscence of crowded sands and late Victorian prudery.

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The Four Stages of Woman: Womanhood.



"THEN, THE HAPPY LOVER, WITH HER BOUQUET, AND GLOWING MARRIAGE FACE,
WALKING LIKE JOY FULL WILLINGLY TO WED."

Photograph by S. Elwin Neame.

A Peri in Pearls.



SEEN THROUGH A TURKISH WINDOW.

Photograph of Mlle. Mérindol by Bert, Paris.



La Courterelle.



BEAUTY THAT IS IN THE EYE
OF ALL BEHOLDERS.

Photograph by Arthur Rouselle.

The Four Stages of Woman: Motherhood.



"AND THEN, THE MOTHER, WORKING ON 'PETTIES,' WITH A CHEERING SONNET
MADE TO HER BABYKIN'S EYEBROW."

Photograph by S Elwin Neame.

The Four Stages of Woman: Widowhood.



"THEN, A WIDOW; FULL OF ODD TEARS, AND WEEDED LIKE HER KIND, JEALOUS OF HUMOUR, SUDDEN AND QUICK IN QUARREL, SEEKING THE BUBBLE REPUTATION EVEN FROM THE CANON'S MOUTH."

Photograph by S. Elwin Neame.

"Calm and Unruffled as a Summer's Sea"—Especially Unruffled.



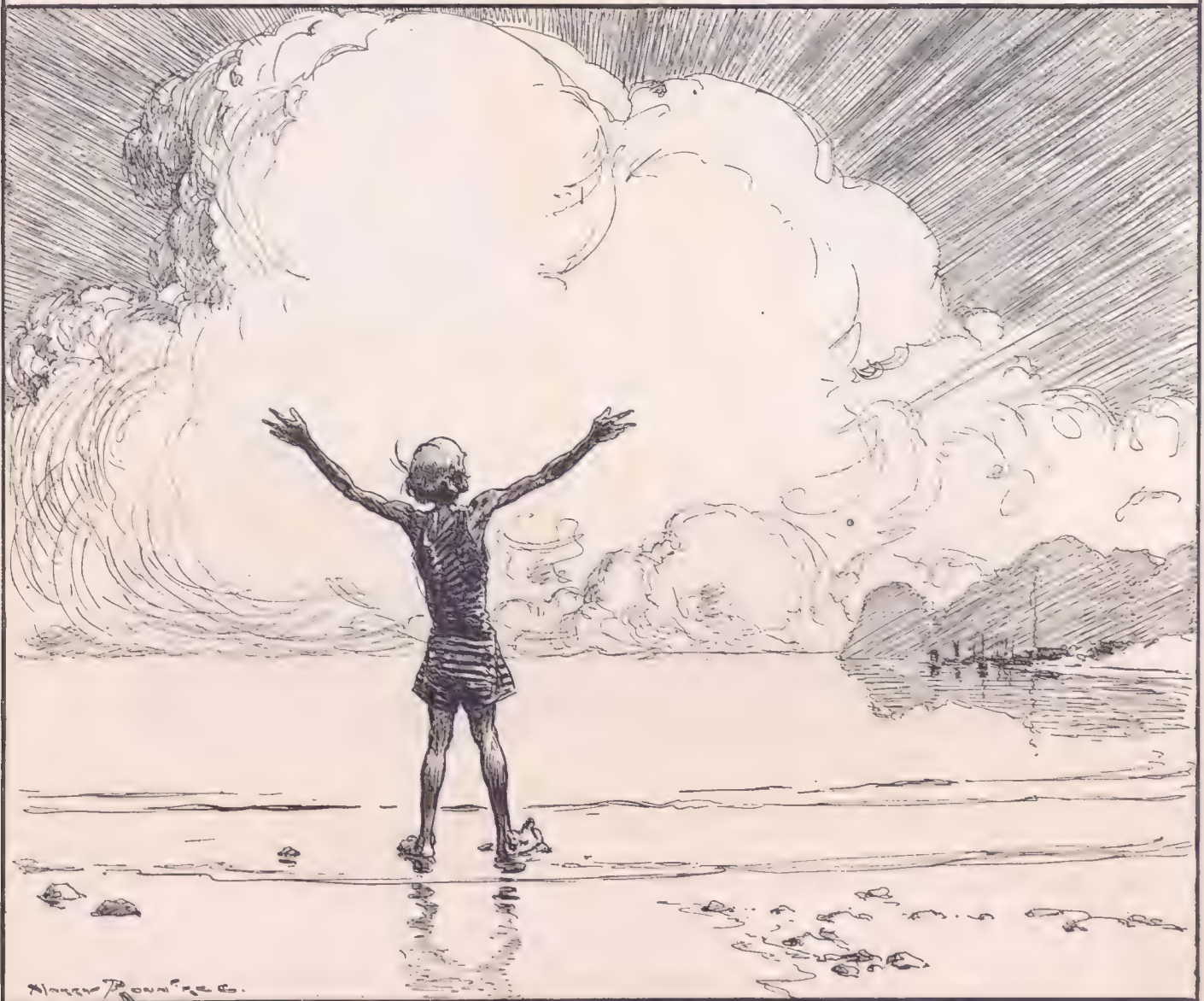
THE GOING OUT OF THE TIDE.

Photograph by Peter Elfelt, Copenhagen.

WATER LIFE!



AUNTIE: Well, my being near-sighted doesn't lose a bit of the beauty of the scene for me. I could sit here for hours.
 [The Mere Man bather decides to go home in a barrel.]



A GLORIOUS SIGHT!

DRAWINGS BY HOPE KEAD AND HARRY ROUNTREE.



ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THE house-agent, who had been fidgeting with the writing-materials on his desk for some minutes as if he were in a state of perplexity, suddenly looked up at me with the expression of a man who has just got an idea.

"Of course," he said, "when cheapness is the great thing—"

"And it certainly is with me," I hastened to assure him.

"Why, in that case one doesn't expect too much, does one?" he said, smiling. "You don't want to pay more than a pound a week?"

"I can't afford to pay more than a pound a week," I replied.

He began to fidget again with his pens and paper.

"And yet what you're really asking for is worth more than that—much more than that, in this district," he said. "A furnished flat of three rooms and a kitchen is worth more than fifty-two pounds a year, you know. Still—"

"Yes?" I said, seeing that he had something in his mind.

"I do know of a place that I could let you for a pound a week," he said slowly; "but I don't know whether you would take it—and if you did take it, I'm certain you wouldn't stop in it."

"Why not?"

I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Nobody ever does," he replied.

"I've let it to three different tenants during the past six months—none of them stayed longer than a fortnight. They—they say it's haunted."

I laughed. At the sound of my laughter the house-agent looked up sharply, and I saw that he was a superstitious man.

"Yes; that's all very well," he said. "But—I'm not so sure that it isn't."

I smiled at him.

"If that's all,"

I said, "it leaves me unmoved. I had far rather hear something practical about it. Where is it? Is it decently furnished? Is it what I want?"

"Oh, as to all that," he said, with a comprehensive wave of his hand, "yes—I should say it's just what you want. It's in Bury Street, and so close to the Museum—that was your first requirement, wasn't it? It's very well furnished indeed, and there's a sitting-room, two bed-rooms, and a small kitchen. Certainly, it's on the fourth floor, and there's no lift, but—"

He looked at me as much as to say that I was young and strong enough to climb a dozen floors if necessary.

"I don't mind that," said I. "And I'll go and see it now—I suppose there is a housekeeper or caretaker?"

"You'll find her in the basement, and she has the keys," he answered.

"And if I take it I can move in to-morrow?" I inquired, making for the door.

"Move in to-day, with pleasure, if you like," he replied wearily. "But you'll never stop, you know. There's something wrong with that place."

I made no answer to this, but set off to the address he gave me, laughing a little at the mere notion of any level-headed business man being so sentimental as to believe in haunted houses. Quite unaffected by nerves myself, possessing a remarkably sound constitution and enjoying health which was almost riotously rude, I could not then understand how anyone could believe in ghosts or spirits or spooks, much less how they could let such a belief centre in such a very commonplace affair as a London flat. No! if the rooms were what I wanted and to be had at a pound a week I should take them, despite all the ghosts that ever were made. My life was too strenuous to allow of ghosts coming into it.

I found the house in Bury Street without difficulty, and descending to the basement, un-

earthed the caretaker—an elderly woman of the usual type, who looked somewhat surprised on learning my business, but immediately produced a small bunch of keys and prepared to mount the stairs.

"I'm a bit surprised that Mr. Watkinson should send anybody to look at them rooms," she said, as she wheezed and panted her way upwards. "If anybody ever does take 'em they never stops in 'em. Nobody ever has stopped in 'em since Mr. Dysart left, and that's two years ago. Not but what there has been tenants—Mr. Goode and Mr. Macpherson, and Mr. Charlesworth and Mr. Leening—but a week or two was enough

to settle any of 'em. Nobody can't live long in these rooms—not if they're Christian folks as loves quietness and peace."

"Well, and why?" I demanded.

"'Cause they're haunted," she answered. "And—"

A long, dismal howl came pealing down the somewhat dark staircase up which we were climbing. It was repeated again—and then again. The woman half paused, and seized the banisters.

"Blessed if they aren't at it again!" she exclaimed. "That's the second lot that's got in this morning—unless it's the same lot come back again."

"But what is it?" I asked.

"What is it?" she repeated. "It's cats—that's what it is—cats! I don't know what possesses of 'em, but as soon as that



"Yes—I should say it's just what you want."

street door's open they sneak in and get upstairs to the door of this here flat as you're a-goin' to look at, and there they sit themselves down and yowl at the top of their voices, drat 'em! Done that these two years past, they have. Look you there, now!"

We had climbed to the fourth floor by that time, and I now beheld the outer door of the flat which I proposed to take. There was a stone landing before it, and on this sat an enormous black cat, which, as we came in sight of it, was just lifting its head for another yell. Behind it, mewing in a peculiarly distressful fashion, a yellow cat, mangy and unkempt, prowled up and down restlessly, like a tiger in a cage.

"Them's two fresh 'uns," said the caretaker, and she kicked the offending animals downstairs. "I ain't seen neither o' them before. Lord bless you! You'd wonder where they all come from and what it is they want. They started coming just before Mr. Dysart left, and they've come ever since. Mr. Dysart, he never kept no cats, and if he'd only lived he'd never have stood them; but of course he came to a sudden end."

"What was that?" I inquired.

"Fell down some precipice in foreign parts and killed hisself," she replied. "And so, of course, he never came back here. These are the rooms, Sir."

She unlocked the outer door of the flat and ushered me through a very small lobby into what was evidently the sitting-room. I took a fancy to it at once; it was a room of some size, well lighted by two windows, and well furnished in a plain, substantial way. I saw at a glance that with my books and pictures I could make it into the sort of room I desired, and I determined, if the bed-rooms were equally satisfactory, to go back at once to the house-agent's and conclude my bargain.

"There's one thing about these rooms that's very convenient," said the caretaker, who was looking about her in a casual sort of fashion, "and that is, they've plenty of cupboards, which is uncommonly useful things. Now there's a cupboard there that Mr. Dysart left locked when he went away to break his poor neck, and he took the key with him, so it's never been opened since, 'cause nobody's ever wanted it. They're good bed-rooms, too, Sir."

The entire place suited me, and I told the caretaker, whose name turned out to be

Mrs. Brixon, to see that one of the beds was thoroughly aired at once, and that I should begin moving my goods in that afternoon. When I had given her half-a-sovereign as an earnest of my good intentions towards her, she expressed a hope that I might find myself able to live in the flat, but it was quite evident that she considered that a hopeless eventuality.

"None of 'em never did," she said. "At least, never since them cats come."

At that moment a gaunt grey cat came slinking in through the little lobby, and tried to get into the sitting-room. Mrs. Brixon chivied it out—outside the door it set up a long, mournful cry.

I certainly did not understand this cat business, but it did not cause me any uneasiness, and I went straight back to the house-agent, told him I would take the rooms, and drew out my cheque-book. He shook his head—almost mournfully.

"Pay as much as you like in advance," he said. "If I were you I wouldn't pay more than a month, anyway. You'll never last it out, you know."

"I'll pay you for three months in advance," I said, "and after that, every month. The rooms are just what I want."

He took my cheque, and began to write out a receipt.

"You didn't see any cats there?" he asked uneasily.

"Three," I replied: "a black one, a yellow one, a grey one. I also heard them."

He looked at me wonderingly.

"And you're going to stand *that*!" he said. "You must have a nerve. But, of course, you're young."

"Just so," I replied.

He pushed his chair back, and passed his hand over his forehead.

"Those cats puzzle me altogether," he said. "What do they congregate about that particular door for? You see, in a place like that, where there are several sets of flats, you can't have the street-door always shut; and Mrs. Brixon tells me that you'd really have to put a sentry on guard to keep those cats out. They first began coming just before Dysart went off to Switzerland; he was the last tenant there who lived in the flat any length of time—he'd been there, I should say, seven years."

"Who was Dysart?"

I asked.

"He was in the Egyptian Antiquities Room at the British Museum," he answered. "A very clever man, I believe. Came to a sad end, poor fellow. He was an enthusiastic climber, and used to go to Switzerland every year. He fell down somewhere—on the Matterhorn, I believe, and was killed."

"Was he fond of cats?" I asked.

The house-agent looked his wonder at this question.

"I merely thought that these cats were bewailing his loss," I said.

He shook his head in disapproval of my levity.

"It's a queer business," he said. "I hope you'll be comfortable."

"It'll be my own fault if I'm not," I answered.

Then I bade him good morning and went away to begin my arrangements for removing from the Bloomsbury boarding-house in which I had resided for two years, and where I had accumulated such a quantity of books and pictures that I really required larger quarters. All that afternoon and evening and all the next day I was busily engaged in removing to the flat and in putting things to my liking there; it was well towards the second evening that everything looked home-like and in accordance with my wishes. I had got all my book-cases into their proper positions; my desk and

papers in order; my own pictures on the walls. I felt quite at home as I glanced about me in the cheery light of a good fire. And then I went out to dine, and at dinner met Alderson, with whom I had been at school, and who was then at University College; and after dinner Alderson and I walked back to the flat to have a sort of house-warming and a peaceful pipe.

As we went up the stairs a wail of unspeakable woe came echoing from the upper regions, and Alderson jumped.

"What on earth is that?" he exclaimed.

"Only a cat," I answered. "Just a cat."

"Just a cat—only a cat!" he said. "Good heavens! it sounded like the wail of a lost spirit. What's the beggar after?"

"Come up quietly," I said. "Perhaps you'll see something."

We advanced to the fourth floor as gently as we could, and I held Alderson back and pointed.

There were five cats sitting round my door in a semicircle, and a sixth, the mangy yellow beast of the previous morning, was ranging up and down again restlessly. At the sound of our feet they fled, rushing over each other and past us down the stairs with snarls and yells of disappointment at something. But at what?



"Them's two fresh 'uns," and she kicked the offending animals downstairs.

I told Alderson all about it over a pipe and a drop of whisky. He listened with open mouth and staring eyes, and at the end he shook his head.

"I'll tell you what, old chap," he said solemnly, "I don't like all that. It's queer—it's uncanny. Cats are strange things. Cats, I believe, were sacred animals in Egypt. If I were in this place——"

He paused, and eyed me curiously.

"Well?" I said.

"I shouldn't like to live alone here—that's all," he said diffidently. "I'll bet there's a cat outside there just now."

"Look!" said I.

He got up very quietly, tip-toed across to the door, crossed the little lobby, and opened the outer door suddenly. There, its great yellow eyes glaring balefully at us in the lamplight, sat the big black cat which I had seen on my visit of inspection. It rose as Alderson advanced towards it, arched its back, spat out a curse, and vanished howling down the staircase.

Alderson shut the doors, and, coming back, picked up his glass and drank off its contents at one gulp. I noticed that his hand trembled.

"I don't like that," he said shortly. "It's—nasty. You'll never stick it out here, Berners."

"Shan't I?" I retorted. "So everybody says. But we'll see. What harm can a company of cats do? I'm out most of the day, and those doors are thick enough to drown their music at night."

He shook his head.

"It isn't that," he said. "I'm not nervy, and I'm not afraid of anything I can tackle. But—what do those cats come here for?"

"Why do cats go anywhere?" I asked. "Perhaps somebody who lived in these rooms used to feed them once upon a time, and they've remembered it, and——"

"No," he said, with emphasis, "and it isn't that, either. Those cats come for something. There's something calls them." I laughed.

"Oh, come, Alderson!" I said. "That's silliness. What is there that could call them?"

He shook his head more solemnly than ever.

"I don't know," he said. "How can one tell? You see, you never know anything about rooms. How do you know what secrets this room mayn't hold, confined in an atmosphere which you can't feel? It may, you know."

"Do you feel anything?" I asked.

He glanced round about him, looking into the dark corners of the room with eyes which seemed to me a little troubled.

"I don't know," he said dubiously. "But—I think there is a

"Lood here, Berners!" he burst out. "It's—it's no good, old chap! I can't stand this. I'm—going. Take my advice and come with me, Berners—there's something in this room."

"Yes, of course there is," I said chaffingly. "We're here—you and I. Don't be an ass, Alderson."

But it was no use, he was struck by the worst kind of fright, and I recognised the hopelessness of trying to keep him. He put his overcoat on all in a heap—and once more begged me to go back with him to his rooms in Gower Street. I laughed at him again, and said I'd walk there with him, and after turning down my lamp we went out.

The black cat had come back and was sitting opposite the outer door.

Alderson burst into a shriek of hysterical laughter—I had to seize him by the collar and shake him. As I shook him he began to talk incoherently, and while he talked the cat uttered a horrible yell and once more fled down the stairs. At the foot of the first landing it stopped, turned, and arching its back, spat out curses that seemed almost human.

I closed the doors and got Alderson downstairs. The door into the street was shut; as I opened it a great grey cat, lean and fierce-eyed, which had evidently been waiting on the step, slipped in between us, and went up the stairs in a flash. And again Alderson began to laugh like a maniac. He gripped me by the lapels of my coat and grinned at me. I had to use force to extricate myself.

"For God's sake, don't be such a damned fool, Alderson!" I said. "You'll lose your senses in another minute. Pull yourself together!"

"The cat!" he said. "The cat! Oh, my God! Let me get away—anywhere!"

I hurried him off in the direction of Gower Street, and walked him the whole length of it, northward, and then down again to the door of his lodgings. He was becoming calmer by that time, and at his invitation I went in with him. As soon as we were in his room he went to a cupboard and brought out a decanter of whisky, and without a word poured out half-a-tumblerful of spirit and drank it neat. For a moment he stood staring vacantly at the glass in his hand; then he set it down and turned to me.

"Berners," he said in a solemn voice, "as you value your immortal soul, don't sleep in that accursed place to-night. It's haunted!"

I picked up my hat and turned to the door.

"If you're going to talk that sort of stuff, Alderson," I said quietly, "I'm going home. It's silly."

He shook his head—shook it in a fashion which showed that he despaired of convincing me.

"No, Berners," he said sadly. "It isn't silly. I wish it were silly. But it isn't. I tell you that place is haunted. And it's haunted by something—unholy. For heaven's sake, Berners——"

"Oh, good-night, Alderson!" I said, and flung out of the room and the house, sick to death of his silly vapouring. Walking away from the house, I wondered how a bright, cheery chap like Alderson, always healthy-minded, first in games, instinct with good sense, could be so silly as to behave like that. Thinking the events of the evening over seriously, I came to the conclusion that he had probably been working too hard and had got overwrought, and with that reflection I dismissed the matter.

I walked back to Bury Street and climbed the long flight of steps to the fourth floor. Everything was quiet—this time there was neither sight nor sound of cats. And when I opened my door and saw my comfortable sitting-room, with all my books and pictures and papers and small belongings, I laughed to think that Alderson could have been so foolish. Certainly I was not going to be upset because a stray cat or two came prowling round.

I was just then working hard for an examination, and I lighted my pipe, got out certain books and papers, and set to work on a

[Continued overleaf.]



For a moment he stood staring vacantly at the glass in his hand.



A huge cat, silhouetted against the dim light of the street below.

queer feeling about this room. You know, I—well, I am a little susceptible to that sort of thing. And——"

From outside the double doors came the prolonged howl of a cat—not the ordinary cry that one hears at midnight from one's area, but a dismal, protesting, appealing wail. Alderson jumped to his feet, and I saw beads of perspiration break out on his forehead.

DIVOT JONES' LOCKER.



THE GOLFER (to the clergyman he has just beaten at golf): Never mind, old chap;
you will get even with me when you read my burial service,
THE CLERGYMAN: That will still be your hole, Sir.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

couple of hours' steady grind before going to bed. During all that time I heard nothing save the subdued rumble of the traffic in High Holborn. The rooms were admirably quiet, and in that respect everything that I wanted. Before midnight I was so well pleased with them that I thanked my lucky star for the chance which had put them in my way so cheaply.

I turned out my lamp at twelve o'clock and went into my bed-room. There was no light there, and the blinds were still up. I was feeling about on the dressing-table for a box of matches when I suddenly *felt* that something was watching me. And turning my head with a quick, instinctive movement, I saw on the ledge outside the window the figure of a huge cat, silhouetted against the dim light of the street below. Its eyes, baleful, yellow, magnified by the glass, were fixed full upon mine.

I lost my head. My hand at that instant fell upon the matches, and I hurled the box with all my force at the staring eyes. The box exploded as it struck the glass, and the matches burst into a spluttering, phosphorescent glitter that almost instantly died away in an evil-smelling smoke. When I had seen that nothing was going to be set on fire, and had thrown the box into a pail of water, the cat with the saucer-like eyes was gone.

I opened the window and looked out, and found that a broadish ledge ran all along the front of that house and the houses on either side of it. The cat had evidently come along it. But—why?

I confess that by this time I was beginning to feel somewhat—well, not afraid, but puzzled. Why did these cats keep up such a persistent attention to this particular flat? What did they want?

I lighted a candle, let down my blind, and went, in due course, to bed. And, having had a tiring day, I soon fell asleep.

It was just two hours later that I awoke. I awoke quite suddenly—and was instantly wide awake. My head was clear—my faculties sharp beyond the normal. As I opened my eyes, I sat up in bed, every sense on the alert. In the heavy silence I heard my heart thumping heavily against my breast. And I *felt* once again that something was there. What?

It was not in that room, however—that I knew at once. It was in the next—the sitting-room. Between it and me there was a wall and a closed door. But it was there. Was I going to open the door, or was *it*?

I slipped out of bed, after a few minutes of breathless indecision, and went softly across to the door. That I should see something when I opened that door which I had never seen in my life I was assured of; yet I could not have explained to anyone (or to myself) why I was assured of my assurance.

I could not say with certainty how long it was before I opened the door. But I did open it.

The sitting-room was all in darkness—I had drawn the heavy curtains before the windows when I sat down to my work, and the last gleam of the fire in the grate had long since died out. And in the darkness—I *saw*.

I have never believed in what one vulgarly terms ghosts—I do not believe in them, in the common acceptation, now—and in this matter I can only speak of what I do actually believe I saw. In the midst of the darkness there was gradually visualised a woman's face—the face of an Egyptian—dark, grave, austere, and on her forehead the insignia of royalty. And out of the darkness came the mingling of many strange scents and an odour of old cedar-wood. . . . The vision became clear-cut, intense, then suddenly faded into darkness again. I had caught up the matches as I passed the dressing-table, and now I struck one; and as I struck it the long, wailing cry of a cat came from—where?

That was it—where? It was not outside the flat, nor inside the flat, so far as I could tell. Where, then, was it?

I did not get to bed again that night. Instead, I lighted my lamp and my fire and tried to read. The attempt ended in failure, and I was conscious that, whatever I might say or think, there was something uncanny about the rooms—just as Alderson had said.

Going out early in the morning to get my breakfast, I met the housekeeper on the stairs. She looked at me inquiringly, and I saw that she was wondering what sort of night I had spent: A

sudden thought occurred to me, and after bidding her a curt good-morning, I called her back.

"Do you know where any of those gentlemen live who had the flat before I had it?" I inquired.

"I know where Mr. Leening lives, him what was here last," she said; "which it's in Hart Street, close by. There's his name on a brass plate on a door, left-hand side of the street."

I nodded and went on my way. Later in the morning I called on Mr. Leening, who seemed to be an author or a journalist, from the look of his room. He stared at me curiously.

"Good-morning," I said. "Forgive me for intruding upon you, but I wished to ask you a question. You used to occupy a flat in Bury Street, didn't you?"

You should have seen the change which came over the man's face. He was seated at a writing-table in the centre of the room, and he pushed back his chair from it and held up his hands before his face as if he thought I was going to strike him.

"For God's sake," he said in a queer, strained voice, "don't talk to me about that place! Don't, I say; it gives me the horrors to think of it—even to think of it!"

"So I see," I said, and moved backwards to the door. "Pardon me for disturbing you."

"Stop," he said as I was going out. He gazed at me with an air of great interest. "You don't mean to say that you are living there?" he asked.

"I moved in yesterday," I replied.

He stared at me with all his eyes.

"Take my advice and move out—to-day!" he said, and settled down to his writing again.

That might be very good advice, but I had no intention of taking it. I must make a fight before acknowledging defeat. Yet the prospect of another night like the last was not pleasant. The vision of the Egyptian woman had been too real.

Now, I had a friend in the British Museum in whose good sense I felt a profound trust, and at lunch-time I went over and found him, and told him all the story. He agreed to come and spend the evening and the night with me in Bury Street—just to see what would happen.

Going in and out of the flat during that, my second day, I invariably found a cat or cats on the landing. As it grew towards dusk the big black cat came again, and I had to chase it into the street. Later, I discovered it on the sill, staring in at the window of my bed-room.

Evanson—the man from the Museum—dined with me that night: we got back to the flat about nine o'clock. There were no cats on the landing when we came in, and we heard nothing of any of them until just before midnight, when one began mewing most pitifully outside the door. And having already decided on our plan of action, I opened both doors and gave the cats full chance of entry.

There were three of them—the black one, which I had seen so often,

the mangy yellow one, and a tortoiseshell thing that was half skin and bone. They came inside the room, making the most curious sounds. And, once across the threshold, *they crawled on their bellies*.

What they crawled to was the locked cupboard to which Mrs. Brixon had referred. They got to the foot of the door and whined like dogs. And Evanson and I stood by and watched—and we felt afraid in the worst way.

"That cupboard's got to be broken into!" whispered Evanson.

I got out some tools and we went to work, the cats drawing back and watching us with eyes in which was almost human intelligence. The door was strong and it took some time to get it open; but at last it swung wide, and we looked into the cupboard.

There, on the middle shelf, was the mummy of a cat, and from its cerements stole to our nostrils an odour of Eastern spices and of sandal-wood. . . .

Evanson gripped my arm as he stared at this weird object.

"By heavens, Berners!" he said, "that's the cat that was stolen from the Museum two years ago—the sacred cat of the Princess Amenartès! It used to rest at the feet of her mummy!"

We restored the mummy of the sacred cat to the Museum authorities next day, with an account of how we had found it. And since then no cats have troubled me in Bury Street—nor have I seen any visions.

THE END.



*In the midst of the darkness there was gradually visualised
a woman's face—an Egyptian.*



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



The Stage and the Fire Brigade.

While the marriage of an actress is always a matter of considerable interest, that of Miss Nita Faydon, which took place yesterday (Tuesday), at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, possessed attractions of an unusual character, for it brought the stage into alliance with one of the most popular members of the always-popular Fire Brigade, the bridegroom being Mr. Cyril Bovill Morris, an Assistant Divisional Officer of the London Fire Brigade. While Miss Faydon was last seen at the Haymarket in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," she will, perhaps, be better remembered for her performance of Puck, a part she played in the revivals of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton, who are now on their way to Australia. In that play, while acting Titania in the open air as a member of Mr. Ben Greet's pastoral company at Oxford, Miss Faydon had an experience which, however ludicrous it may be to look back upon, had in it at the time the germs of influenza, if not of tragedy. The day was threatening, and in the scene in which Titania goes to sleep on her mossy couch the rain commenced to pour in a regular deluge. The members of the audience, warned by the clouds, had provided themselves with macintoshes and umbrellas, which they put to their proper use and remained composedly in their seats, thereby incidentally compelling the play to go on and Titania to continue sleeping until her cue came to awaken. When she arose she presented a sorry spectacle. Her soft, springy curls had departed, and their place was taken by long, lank "rat-tails," from which the wet dropped uncomfortably. Her gauze dress, which a few moments before was fresh and beautiful, clung to her, sad and grey, like a wet rag—as it was. Seeing her distress, a well-meaning old gentleman sitting in the front row rose from his place and gallantly handed her his umbrella. In her agitation she clutched at it, and, hurriedly finishing the scene, made her exit with the umbrella—and the ass.

"In the Jaws of Death!"

Between the Paris of the Commune and the Arcadia of the Arcadians there is a wide gap, but it has been bridged by Mr. A. M. Thompson, one of the authors of that delightful play, which, if rumour may be trusted, is expected to run for the next two years. Mr. Thompson was in Paris during those terrible days, and lived with his parents and sisters in the Boulevard St. Michel, facing the gardens of the Luxembourg. There was a barricade on each side of the house, built under the superintendence of a pretty *cantinière*, whose personal charms, reinforced by politeness and a revolver, induced every passer-by to help. The day after the barricades were finished, the gunpowder magazines in the Luxembourg were blown up by the

Communists, and every piece of china in the house was smashed by the concussion. Shortly afterwards, the Communists dashed up, and Mr. Thompson saw an episode which was vividly dramatic. An old blind woman and a weeping girl went to beg a young Communist soldier to return home. He looked about as if to seek some chance of escape, but seeing there was none, he determined to brave the matter out to the bitter end. When the weeping girl seized his arm he pushed her away, and when the two women were ordered to clear out, the boy knelt down with his chasseur and pretended not to see them. Driven from the place of safety, the blind woman and the girl blundered into the open space between the Communists and the Versailles forces, and would undoubtedly have been killed, but that a young officer of the Versailles troops snatched a chasseur and, tying his white handkerchief to the barrel, rushed to their rescue. Even then the firing did not cease, but the young man went gallantly on, and eventually succeeded in placing the two women in safety.

Grape-Shot and Grape-Juice.

That those days of bloodshed were not without their touch of humour is proved by the following incident, which also took place in Mr. Thompson's presence: A Versailles Captain burst into a group of women and children who had taken refuge within the barricades, and declared that if a single Communist soldier was found in the house, everyone would be shot. "But, Monsieur le Capitaine—" the owner of the house began. "I can't listen to any excuses!" the Captain interrupted peremptorily. "But Monsieur le Capitaine is no doubt fatigued by many deeds of heroism," said the old man. "Will he not do me the honour to partake of a little refreshment while his men search the house? Champagne, Monsieur le Capitaine, or Bordeaux?" That settled the matter. It was the blood of the

grape that ran within the barricade—not the blood of any of its inmates.

"Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley."

Many backhanded compliments have been related on this page. The latest to be recorded is one paid to Miss Auriol Lee, who has been engaged for a long term to act with Mr. Lewis Waller. When she was on a short provincial tour not long ago, her maid, when dressing her at the theatre, told her that some friends of hers had been to the performance the previous night. Miss Lee expressed the gracious hope that they liked the play. "Yes, Miss," replied the maid, "they liked it very much indeed; and one of them said she liked you better than anybody else in the piece, and she thought you were a fine actress. Yes, Miss, that is what she said, and she said it without a smile on her face." Miss Lee was appropriately overwhelmed.



PAINTED BY MANY OF THE GREAT MODERN MASTERS OF RUSSIA: MME. MARIA KOUSNIETZOFF, WHO HAS MET WITH MUCH SUCCESS AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mme. Kousnietzoff, who has made most successful appearances at Covent Garden, in "Faust" and as Mimi in "La Bohème," is to be heard this season, also, in "Romeo and Juliet." Tchaikovsky heard her singing when she was fourteen, and told her that she ought to make a great name in opera. Her performances in "Manon" and "Thaïs" so delighted Massenet that he has promised to write an opera for her. She has been painted by many of the modern masters of Russia.—[Photograph by Fischer.]



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Sealed Orders.

It was but natural that hosts and guests should "talk shop" at the Imperial Press banquet the other night. One man thought that the finest coup of the moment would be to get hold of the ex-Sultan of Turkey's private papers. Such a thing must be the constant fear of many a man in Turkey

at this moment—that some day an enterprising journalist will publish the papers now sealed up. But these pearls of price may prove ashes or worse. The greatest chance of the sort was once presented to an American—and refused. Half-a-dozen of the best-known men in Washington sat one night at dinner, when a waiter entered to announce that President Lincoln had been assassinated, and that John Wilkes Booth, the actor, was accused of the crime. One of the party

turned pale. "This very day," he said, "Wilkes rode up to me in the market-place and handed me a sealed envelope, saying, 'If you hear of me within twenty-four hours, publish this; if you do not hear from me, burn it.'" And the speaker, a Washington editor, produced the sealed packet from his pocket as he spoke.

The "Scoop" that Failed.

"What shall I do with it?" he asked, as he showed the envelope round. "Destroy it at once," answered the Hon. Samuel Randall; "they will hang anybody who knows anything about the assassination, no matter how innocently he may have come by that knowledge. Don't open it—burn it up as it is." It was a nice position—the chance of a lifetime; a chance which the editor of the least sensational paper might very seriously consider. But the others agreed that the destruction of the document was the wisest, indeed the only safe, course. So they locked the door of the room, lighted

Sandy's Prayer.

If the Scots are anything like as apprehensive of invasion as some of their Southern kinsmen, it is not impossible that we may hear of the adaptation of a prayer which became famous when Napoleon was daily expected to descend upon us. It was a comprehensive prayer, beginning with domestic interests for "a' in this house, and a' within two miles ilka side this house; the cow, the kailyard, and the muckle toon o' Dumbarton." The Scots Greys, quartered near, were commended to favour, for that they were "braw chieles, not like the English whalps, that dash their foot against a stone and d—n the soul of the stone, as if a stone had a soul to be saved." Widening the basis of appeal, the prayer besought protection from "the wild Irish, the muckle French, from witches and warlocks, and lang-nebbed beasties that gang through the heather." And then it closed in on the King of France, as it called Napoleon: "Oh, put a pair o' branks about the King o' France's neck; gie me the halter in my ain hand, that I may lead him about when I like. Amen."

Jonathan Wild Redivivus.

All through these latter-day Indian murders and stories of murders there runs through one's mind a startling experience which came under the notice of the late Hon. Frederick Leveson-Gower. It was a tale of Thuggee, then rampant, and a typical murder occurred in



MR. ROOSEVELT'S AFRICAN NAME IN USE: AN ELEPHANT CARRYING A MESSAGE TO THE EX-PRESIDENT IN LUNA PARK.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.



"FEED THE ELEPHANT A PEANUT": SOCIETY SUPPORTING A NEW YORK CHARITY FETE IN CURIOUS MANNER.

As may be seen by the notice above the elephant, the peanuts with which the beast was fed cost fifteen cents each. In return for this outlay, however, each purchaser and donor of food received a prize. The two ladies on the right are Mrs. C. Root and Miss Ethel Harriman.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MR. ROOSEVELT'S AFRICAN NAME AGAIN IN USE: ANOTHER PLACARD ON THE ELEPHANT IN LUNA PARK.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.

a fire in the grate, and committed the missive to the flames, unread, unopened. Not even the ashes could they trust to remain where they lay: they took them out, poured water over them, moulded them into a paste, then put them back in the fire.

the district of a head-constable who had been particularly active in bringing offenders to light. In this particular case, however, a new resident British officer thought the evidence brought against a number of people whom the constable indicted of a dangerously flimsy character. He refused to convict. Then it occurred to him that the officer's name seemed familiar to him. He possessed a secret list, which a converted Thug had given him. He looked it up, and lo! among the names of active Thugs was that of this very assiduous head-constable himself. The Englishman tackled him, and the horrified constable, taken completely by surprise, threw himself on his knees, admitted that he was a Thug, and that the murder in respect of which he had charged half-a-dozen innocent persons had been committed—by himself.

A Master of Revolutions.

The latest South American revolution has come to prepare the way for its successor, and nobody seems a penny the worse. The greatest thing of the kind was the one which did not happen. Louis Napoleon, fretting in the fortress of Ham, published a scheme for linking Pacific and Atlantic by means of a canal. The proposal created a profound impression, and he was offered by Guatemala the presidency of the canal, an offer followed by Ecuador's begging him to become her President. Napoleon was willing, provided, of course, that Louis Philippe would give him his liberty. The captive swore that, once free, he would never again set foot in Europe. Peel, Prime Minister at the time, was prepared to back up the scheme. Lord Aberdeen, however, would have none of it. So the prisoner remained—to become Emperor of his native land and to establish an asylum for himself in England which is now numbered among the best of golf-courses in the London district.

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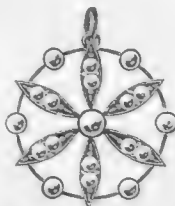
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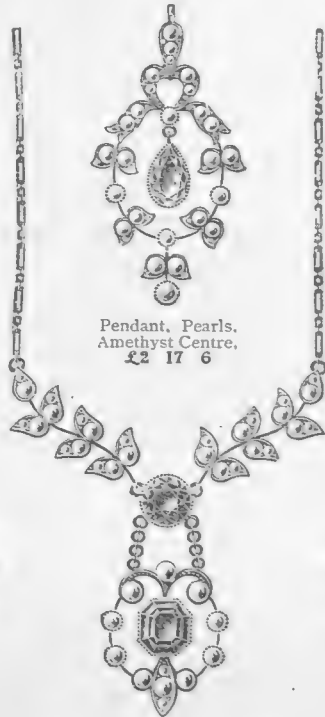
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A GREAT INSTITUTION.

THE calm superiority at one time assumed by the Stock Exchange speculator towards those taking an intelligent interest in matters connected with the national sport of racing was as absurd as it was quite unjustifiable, and the gentlemen of Throgmorton Street have long ago realised that they had to deal with a very powerful competition in the Turf.

The change in public opinion that has taken place in regard to racing matters generally, even within the last few years, is remarkable, and the great institution of Mr. D. M. Gant has had much to do with this change of opinion, owing to the straightforward policy at all times pursued, and the generous and up-to-date methods adopted.

Hitherto, unless a man actually visited the race-meetings, he had no opportunity of making investments with any sense of security; but Mr. D. M. Gant, member of Tattersall's, of 25, Conduit Street, London, W., has done much to alter this state of affairs, and is chiefly responsible for the present enlightened and fair methods of business. It may here be stated that Mr.

Gant is the only member of his profession ever singled out for inclusion in the gallery of celebrities represented by the famous

service is of particular interest. All that intending clients require to do is to write for full particulars of his terms and conditions,



No. 25, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

Vanity Fair cartoons, and this accordingly proves his right to the title of "London's Premier Turf Accountant."

But the honour conveyed by the fact of his cartoon being published is only a sign of the respect in which Mr. Gant is held. It is no mean compliment to be recognised as a leader in the business world, and this cartoon is merely a public expression of the thoughts in the minds of all sportsmen.

Mr. Gant is an Investment Broker, with a status equal to that of the pillars of any Stock Exchange, and therefore, sportsmen who take a live interest in racing and who desire that their business shall be placed in safe hands and their affairs treated confidentially, can have no hesitation whatever in dealing with him.

Even to those who regularly visit racecourses, the facility with which starting-price business can be carried on is most astonishing. Instead of bargaining for odds from the rails of the club enclosure or having to carry money to "put on" with someone to whom the customer is unknown, the whole can be concentrated and "placed" with one firm, and this is where Mr. D. M. Gant's



MR. GANT'S PRIVATE OFFICE.



FILING ROOM.

and at the same time to produce evidence of their *bonâ-fides*. For many reasons business men may desire that their turf transactions shall be conducted with the strictest privacy, and in this case a *nom de plume* can be adopted.

There is a peculiar prejudice in this country against the receiving of cheques from a firm connected with racing. The reason of this need not be analysed here, but the drawer of many hundred cheques per week is alive to this somewhat astonishing fact; consequently, the cheques for winning accounts are signed in a name that bears no trace of the identity of Mr. D. M. Gant, as he always pays his cheques under an adopted name. The result is, a man may pay £500 he has received from his turf accountant into his bank and retain his reputation for being commonplace. This is truly a droll characteristic of insular and hereditary prejudice. However, be it said that, from the client's point of view, it has the additional advantage that it is not necessary to let clerks or secretaries know all one's sources of legitimate benefits, or there might be prying into one's turf transactions in the hope of following suit.

Mr. Gant is also a private financier. He does a large amount of business in bill-discounting—it was not sought for; but, as he said once: "It came my way, and I thought: why should So-and-So pay other people impossible rates when I have the money lying idle?" So Mr. Gant has quantities of "paper" locked up in sealed envelopes in his strong-room.

He was the first recognised turf accountant to introduce the "no limit" condition, and it has always been his inviolable rule to pay the exact odds at which horses started, without any of the usual deductions or charges made in the form of commission, etc. This "no limit" rule has proved a great boon to the stay-

at-home speculator, and the Grand National of last year, won by Rubio at 66 to 1, and later the Derby, in which Signorinetta was successful at 100 to 1, are instances of the great advantages possessed by Mr. Gant's *clientèle*. Readers of the sporting papers will doubtless remember the correspondence that followed Rubio's win, wherein the Press, without exception, led the public to believe that the horse was virtually unbacked; but Mr. Gant, in contradiction of such statements, and in proof of his assertion, requested the Editor of the *Sportsman* to forward from the offices of that paper large cheques (which he had drawn) direct to his clients, which the Editor courteously consented to do.

There can be no better informed man than the gentleman under discussion as regards anything appertaining to races where quotations appear in the papers, and which are commonly known as "Future Events." He is in direct communication with all the principal centres of sport, and he attributes his success in a great measure to having always laid fair and

genuine prices. The holder of Mr. Gant's voucher may be assured that he is virtually the owner of a Bank of England note should the animal he has backed prove successful. It is an easy matter to arrange an account and participate in this advantageous "no limit" system, providing, of course, the application is *bonâ-fide* and the applicant a person of substance.

From the offices of Mr. D. M. Gant, at 25, Conduit Street, W., is issued a handy little waistcoat-pocket "Sportsman Diary," bound in red morocco; and so much sought after has this little volume been, that in the present year alone it has run into a fifth edition, bringing the total issue up to 80,000. Upon written application it is sent free to ladies and gentlemen who contemplate placing business with Mr. Gant's firm.



DESPATCH OFFICE.



TELEPHONE ROOM.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Royal Hunt Cup. One often hears funny stories in connection with the race for the Royal Hunt Cup. Perhaps the most amusing I am able to tell is one about the race of 1891. A friend of mine went via Windsor, and in riding to the course struck up acquaintance with a man of gentlemanly appearance and, to quote my friend, "of perfect manners." The stranger became very communicative on horsey subjects, and said he was down to help work the commission on a horse for the Hunt Cup. He insisted on my friend giving him £2 to put on, but would not divulge the name of the horse until five minutes before the start of the race. It was arranged that both should meet outside Tattersall's ring, when the secret should be divulged. The stranger was at the spot to time, and announced that he had taken for my friend £66 to £2 about Laureate, that the owner, Mr. Johnny Hammond, had thousands on the horse, that it was a walk-over certainty. As all

the detriment of the mere men who are anxious to see the going of their money. I have suffered a terrible pain more than once when attempting to read a race from the top of the grand stand at Ascot. First, the line of sight is debarred by half-a-dozen sunshades. Then ladies will insist on moving to some other part of the stand, and in doing so they upset everybody else. Of course, ladies go to Ascot for pleasure; but, unfortunately, some of us go there to do very serious business if possible, and it is a terrible fight to do any work when the ladies begin to discuss the idiosyncrasies of horse-racing. I would here state that those ladies who do understand racing—and there are many of them—do not waste their time in talking while a race is in progress. They look through their glasses and note every little detail in silence. All the time those ladies who only come down to see, be seen, and I may add heard, let their tongues go at a forty-five miles per hour gait; and, be it added,



SOME GREAT GOLFERS: WINNERS OF THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

Reading from left to right and omitting the two figures on the extreme left, the golfers shown in this illustration are (standing), John Henry Taylor, Open Champion in 1894, 1895, and 1900, and tied in 1896; Jack White, Open Champion in 1904; Mr. Harold H. Hilton, Open Champion in 1892 and 1897; Mr. John Ball, Open Champion in 1890; James Braid, Open Champion in 1901, 1905, 1906, and 1908; the late Tom Morris sen., Open Champion in 1861, 1862, 1864, and 1867; Bob Ferguson, Open Champion in 1880, 1881 and 1882, and tied in 1883, but lost on playing off; Willie Auchterlonie, Open Champion in 1893; the late James Anderson, Open Champion in 1877, 1878 and 1879; David Brown, Open Champion in 1886; Bob Martin, Open Champion in 1876 and 1885; Willie Fernie, Open Champion in 1883; (sitting on bank, at back) Willie Park, Open Champion in 1887 and 1889; and Jack Burns, Open Champion in 1898; (sitting on bank, in front) Alex. Herd, Open Champion in 1902; and Harry Vardon, Open Champion in 1896, 1898, 1899, and 1903. W. Park won in 1860, 1863 and 1866; A. Strath in 1865; Tom Morris jun. in 1868, 1869, 1870 and 1872; Tom Kidd in 1873; Mungo Park in 1874; Willie Park in 1875, 1887, and 1889, after a tie with Andrew Kirkaldy; Jack Simpson in 1884; Hugh Kirkaldy in 1891; and Arnaud Massy in 1907. Our illustration is reproduced by courtesy of that well-known insurance company, the Life Association of Scotland, who published the group as a photograph on a calendar.

the racing world knows, Laureate won from twenty-one opponents, but the stranger was not to be found after the race, and my friend went home terribly crestfallen. No doubt he had fallen into the hands of a lumberer, who thought he had picked out a loser. When Victor Wild won in 1894 he started at 50 to 1, and the race was run in a terrible rain-storm; so heavy, in fact, that it was impossible to see the colours. The jockey who rode was Harrison, a North-country boy. He arrived overnight, a stranger in a strange land, and applied for a bed at the Royal Hotel, saying he had come south to ride the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup. When Quarrel won for Lord Rosebery, in 1896, a well-known sporting editor could be heard shouting the horse home thus: "Sit still, Fagan! Sit still, Fagan!" The jockey sat still, and the horse won easily.

The Ladies. We all like to see the ladies at race-meetings—indeed, the sport of kings would be a very poor game without them nowadays. But it is at meetings like Ascot where the dear ones are apt to make matters tedious to the sterner sex. Ladies will talk, and talk loudly, when a race is being run, and they will persist in keeping their sunshades open. Further, they do not hesitate to stand on the chairs on the lawn, to

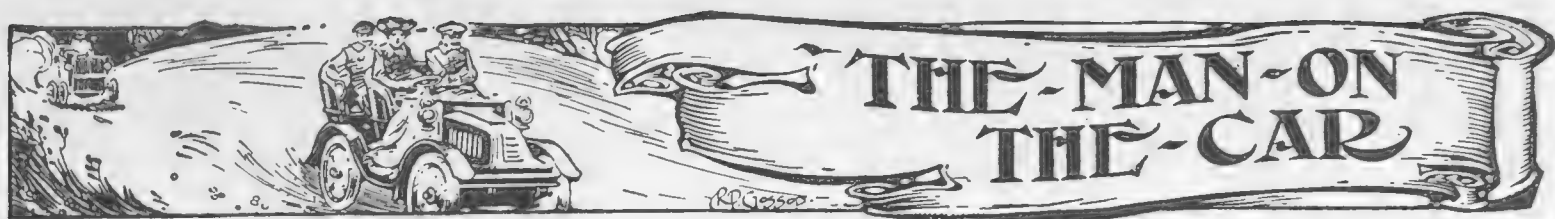
they soon let the world know that they are ignorant of the horses, their owners' colours, and also the exact spot where the race finishes. Luckily, the flow of ladies' horsey language is confined to Ascot, as it would be unbearable if met with the year round.

Jockeys.

I think H. Jones and Maher would be two good jockeys to follow at Ascot. Jones will ride several of his Majesty's horses, and they are very fit just now. Maher, who has been keeping holiday on the Continent, is very likely to have a good time at the royal meeting, as he knows the course well and is very successful at this particular meeting, as a rule. It is remarkable how the light-weight jockeys fail at Ascot. I think it is because they will not realise that it is an uphill fight. They stop riding too quickly, and are often beaten on the post by the older hands, who have discovered that it pays to persevere until the bitter end over this treacherous course. I have seen Ascot described as an easy course. As a matter of fact, it is the most difficult course in the South of England, with the single exception of Salisbury. On the straight track we often see horses get away with a long lead, only to be caught and beaten right under the judge's eye.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



Tyre-Wear Remarkable.

At one of the recent meetings at Brooklands a winning Maudslay car covered the appointed distance at fifty-eight and a half miles per hour, outstripping its other competitors by half a mile. At the conclusion of the event a number of interested spectators gathered round the car for the purpose of inspecting the condition of the tyres which had run at such a high speed for so considerable a period. Much surprise was expressed at the fact that the treads showed practically no signs of wear or damage. But when the initiated found that the wheels were shod with Avon tyres the surprise was modified. So consistently good has been the material employed by the Avon Indiarubber Company ever since they began to put their now well-known Avon pneumatic tyres upon the market, that abnormally good wear is confidently expected of them.

The Scottish Reliability Trial.

By the time these

words see the light of day, the Scottish Reliability Trial for touring-cars, promoted by that painstaking and energetic body the Scottish Automobile Club, will have been in being three days. Notwithstanding the assertion that trials are no longer required or desired, the entries total no fewer than sixty-eight cars, and include some of the best-known makes of the day. The classes are eight in number, lettered A to H, and are grouped according to catalogue price. For instance, Class A includes cars under £175; Class B, £175 to £215; Class C, £215 to £260; Class D, £260 to £325; Class E, £325 to £425; Class F, £425 to £525; Class G, £525 to £650; Class H, £650 to £800. Of the sixty-eight, thirty-six are of native manufacture, the remaining thirty-two including cars of the best foreign brands. So far as my memory serves me, those fresh to the Scottish Trials are the 10-h.p. Delage, the 14-16-h.p. Miesse, the 10-12-h.p. Martini, the 12-16-h.p. F. L., the 10-15-h.p. S. P. A., the 10-14-h.p. Aries, the 16-20-h.p. Stella, the 20-h.p. Lancia, the 20-h.p. Coltmann, the 20-30-h.p. Austrian Daimler, the 40-h.p. Piccard-Pictet, and the 40-45-h.p. Austrian Daimler.

Peugeots at the White City.

In my brief comments last week on the antiquities at the White City, I made no mention of the Peugeot, Hurtu, and Serpollet relics there to be seen. Next in ancient fame to the Panhard cars stand the Peugeots, which were amongst the most reliable cars of their day, and which have preserved that most excellent characteristic until this day. A whole quarter of a century ago Messrs. Peugeot Frères had acquired fame as makers of self-propelled

vehicles, for at the great exhibition of 1889 in Paris, this firm showed a ponderous two-seated motor-tricycle, and two years later a Peugeot car followed the Paris-Brest cycle race. In the Automobile Club's memorable 1000-miles tour of 1900, a 7-h.p. two-cylinder Peugeot, although not officially entered, ran most successfully through the entire trip, sustaining but one puncture and one insignificant mechanical failure. It is also worthy of remark that this car ran on cycle-built, lock-nutted, wire-spoked wheels, which were fitted with red rubber Michelin tyres of large diameter.

Attention should be given to the early Serpollet cars staged, for, to my mind, they are interesting as demonstrating the comparatively modern application of the principles that enabled Gurney, Hancock, and Church to produce practical self-propelled road-vehicles round about 1830. The Serpollet flash-boiler was—and, indeed, is to-day—merely an improvement of the generator employed by the plucky old engineers of eighty years ago, although the late M. Serpollet must be given credit for great improvements in the engine, due to advance in knowledge and materials. But even the Serpollet single-acting engine must be considered as a thing of the past, seeing that the successful steam-cars of to-day, such as the White, the Stanley, and even the Darracq-Serpollet motor-omnibuses, which are such favourites upon the Piccadilly-Barnes route, are driven by double-acting compound engines. It is remarkable that no one has seemed able to lend a Locomobile, an American steam-car which was marketed here some years ago by Mr. Letts, of Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, and for a time enjoyed a considerable vogue in this country.

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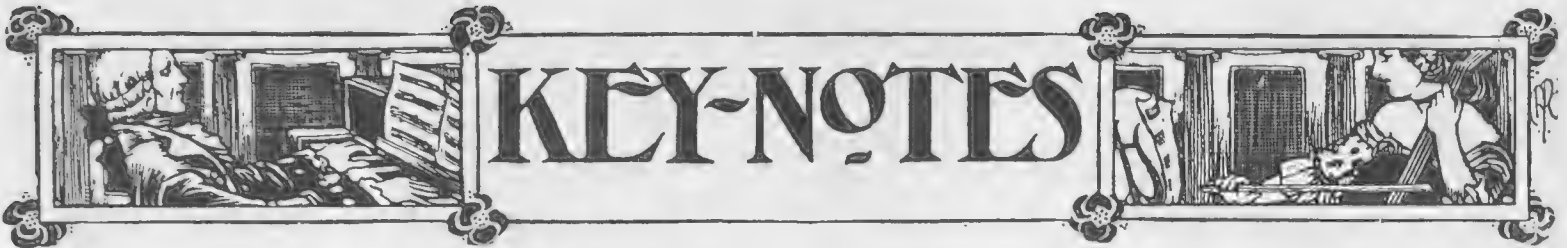
Chancellor of the Exchequer, and all circumvallating routes closed by the wording of the Finance Bill, it behoves all motorists, who must economise in these hard times, to take thought of the manner in which a saving can be made. Again and again it has been shown that, even with the best carburetters, the wastage of petrol is more than considerable; and in this connection it is highly desirable that the explosive mixture we introduce to our cylinders should consist of the maximum amount of air and the minimum of petrol at 1s. 4d. per gallon. While, like the pianist, the carburetter is doing its best, it can, in the case of many engines, be aided and abetted in this matter of air by a Bowden Extra Air Inlet, which can be easily and inexpensively fitted on any convenient point on the inlet-pipe, and frequently results in an extended mileage to the gallon.



CHAUFFEUR-MILLIONAIRE VERSUS "WHIP" MILLIONAIRE: MR. BYRON CHANDLER'S LONDON TO BRIGHTON MOTOR-COACH, "REDSKIN," LEAVING THE SAVOY.

Mr. Vanderbilt has no longer the London to Brighton Road to himself. He has a formidable rival in another young American millionaire, Mr. Byron Chandler, who is running a motor-coach service from London to "London by the Sea" four days a week, and the same motor-coach from London to Windsor twice a week. Mr. Chandler himself drives, and is shown at the wheel in our photograph.

Photograph by Topical.



Music and the Philosophers.

The union of philosophy with music has led to some curious performances on the concert platform. There is the Strauss tone-poem founded on Nietzsche's "Also Sprach Zarathustra"; there is the Holbrooke-Trench work, "Apollo and the Seaman," and now, with the aid of Mr. Thomas Beecham's orchestra, the North Staffordshire District Choral Society, and a group of capable soloists, "A Mass of Life," drawn from the same source as the Strauss tone-poem and composed by Mr. Frederick Delius, has been presented at the Queen's Hall. The attempt to translate problems of life that sometimes lie too deep for words into terms of music is vastly interesting, but is not always pleasing. Our ears have been attuned from early childhood to certain musical forms that enjoyed a long establishment in our midst. The modern musician has found them quite insufficient for his needs, and has substituted for them new and untried forms of expression that can only gain full acceptance from those who see life through some medium similar to his own. Unfortunately for the modern composer, the rank and file of those who go to a concert are not interested in new form, and do not seek to find in music a solution or even a presentation of the problems of life, more particularly when the elucidation of the mystery is associated with much violence on the part of the brass section, many unresolved discords, and comparative absence of relationship between keys. They find that such music is almost as complicated as life itself, while it has not the same excuse of being inevitable. And so it happens that the first performance of the modern masterpiece is not infrequently the last. We should hesitate to suggest that this remark applies to "A Mass of Life"; but, even if it did, the value of the work as an art-expression would remain unaffected. For public favour is a fickle thing, and public taste is not always beyond criticism.

Mr. Delius and Nietzsche.

"A Mass of Life" is a very considerable achievement, but a terribly uneven one withal. The composer's inspiration varies, and there are moments when, in search for emphasis, he finds little more than cacophony. He wishes to express himself, but does no more than emphasise the limitations of the normal ear and the normal voice. The choral writing is remarkably uneven, and puts the singers in difficulty over and over again. It is impossible at a first hearing to follow the relation that must be presumed to exist between score and text, and it may be doubted whether to the best-trained ear the score has a quality of immediate appeal. Within such limits of space as are enforced here, it is impossible to justify opinions: they can but be expressed, and certainly, the first impression left by "A Mass of Life," is of a great undertaking, of a moderate accomplishment, of a splendid ambition not altogether realised, of an endeavour to

enlarge the boundaries of musical expression beyond the limit of the normal ear associated with certain devices in harmonic progression that sound as ugly as they are unnecessary. Nothing is more conventional nowadays than the fear of conventionality, and to this fear Mr. Delius, who met with a fine reception, seems to succumb over and over again. It may be that further hearings will deepen the undeniable beauty of certain passages and soften the asperity of others. But it will be idle to pretend that the work is one to commend itself at first hearing to the musician.

A Good Joke.

Sir C. V. Stanford's setting of Mr. Charles L. Graves's "Ode to Discord" proves to be a very amusing composition, in which the more outstanding faults and weaknesses of modern composers are burlesqued effectively. Careful study of the score is necessary to enable the student to appreciate the more subtle points of the joke, but there are plenty of obvious ones that strike the listener's unaided ear, though, when all is over, there is the uncomfortable feeling left that there is not one composer among those burlesqued who could not and would not, if the spirit moved him, write still more extravagantly than Sir Charles Stanford has done, and in deadly earnest. The "Ode to Discord" makes a welcome addition to the very slender ranks of humorous musical compositions, and it will doubtless be heard on many occasions.

"La Bohème."

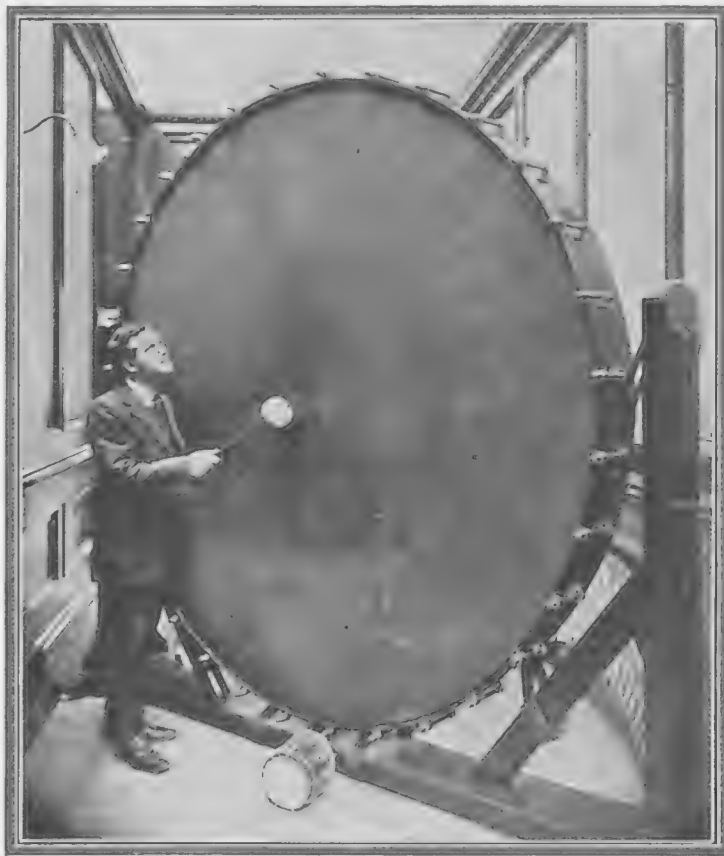
At Covent Garden the only revival to be noticed is that of Puccini's "La Bohème," in which Signor Anselmi and Mme. Kousnietzoff took the parts of Rodolfo and Mimi, and Signori Marcoux, Gilibert, and Sammarco filled their familiar rôles. The opera has seldom been given in more spirited fashion or more favourably received, and the new Musetta, Miss O'Brien, deserves a word of praise, for she sings delightfully and acts with distinction. COMMON CHORD.



LORD HOTHFIELD'S ONLY DAUGHTER AS PROFESSIONAL SINGER: THE HON. MRS. STUART ANDERSON.

Mrs. Stuart Anderson, who is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Hothfield, made her professional debut as a singer the other day. She has an excellent soprano voice. She is also a capital amateur actress.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



PLAYED IN THE "ODE TO DISCORD": THE "DREADNOUGHT" DRUM, WHICH HAS A DIAMETER OF EIGHT FEET.

This giant bass drum was played during the "Ode to Discord," that "chimerical combination in four bursts, by Charles L. Graves, set to music (?) by Charles Villiers Stanford," which was given at the Queen's Hall last week. The drum is eight feet in diameter, and the tympanum of parchment was made from one of the largest buffalo-hides ever imported into this country.

It is interesting to note that the monster bass drum played during the performance of the "Ode to Discord" at the Queen's Hall last Wednesday evening was originally constructed as long ago as 1857, for the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, by Distin, a musical-instrument maker of Cranbourn Street. The diameter of the drum is eight feet, but, including the special stand made for its support, the total height is about nine feet. The tympanum of parchment was made from one of the largest buffalo-hides ever imported into Europe, and reduced from a quarter of an inch in thickness to the required substance. As it was found impossible by the usual steam process to bend the woodwork of the shell, it had to be built up of no fewer than three hundred separate pieces, carefully dovetailed together. This same drum is sometimes used for the cannon-firing effects in Tchaikovsky's "1812" Overture.



WORLD'S WHISPERS

WILL Stafford House cease to be the home of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland when, as it shortly will, the Crown lease falls in? That is a query which nobody can yet definitely answer. The mere asking of it, however, raises a host of questions

Lord Rosebery might have put before the journalist-delegates who were to be received beneath its hospitable roof. Even Dukes, it seems, can be evicted! And there is "the Sutherland wail" still heard at the Antipodes among the descendants of the crofters whom a bygone Duke banished from the heather to make room for his deer. But not a single Australasian among the guests at Stafford House rejoiced to think that the woes inflicted by his fathers should be experienced by the reigning Duke. He, at any rate, has entirely given away to the people his great country palace of Trentham, and he places Stafford House at his disposal of his

married are themselves immensely wealthy, and are connected with the whole of the great Continental nobility. Their estates are situated in the loveliest part of Bohemia, between Prague and Marienbad. Prince and Princess Colloredo-Mannsfeld are well known in England. Count Ferdinand is now an attaché at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in Rome.

Villas of Spain.

The two men who manage the affairs of Spain in London have now both England and the United States upon their hands. That is to say, the Spanish Ambassador is losing his trusty

lieutenant, the Marquis of Villalobar, who is off to Washington. And, of course, he is spending his free time in London, for he thinks this city the best place in which to prepare himself for the land where, it is told in England, the man of fashion turns up his trousers when news of rain is cabled from London. The Spanish Ambassador, whose wife, Mme. de Villa-Urrutia, has made herself very popular in English society, has himself served in Washington, and the Marquis goes to the States, the tomb of several diplomatic reputations, as well provided with advice as with neckties. The Marquis of Villavieja is another recent Spanish stranger within the gates—of Burlington Arcade.

A Practising American.

The American judge may, like the late Lord Russell of Killowen, have a passion for horses, but he has not necessarily many other points in common with the English Bench. Judge Moore is a typical American—a practising American—and, like all good democrats, particularly happy to have a word with the King. Olympia pleased him in every way, and, of course, the presentation to his Majesty more than any other incident of the Horse Show. Judge Moore has a pleasant manner, with horses and men; and if he tells the story of the Western judge who cannot be brought to book for a variety of crimes because he will not pronounce sentence on himself, and cannot legally be "had up" before another tribunal, he does not persuade us that American justice is in reality so ramshackle and haphazard a business. He drives tandem with the wisdom of a Solomon. What, then, of his sentences?



A BEAUTIFUL OVER-SEAS PEERESS: THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGALL.

Among our over-seas peeresses, perhaps the most beautiful is the widowed Marchioness of Donegall. Before her marriage to the late peer, between whom and herself there was something like half a century difference of age, Lady Donegall was Miss Violet Twining, the daughter of the late Mr. St. George Twining, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Since her widowhood Lady Donegall has lived a very quiet life, devoting herself entirely to her little son, who is the youngest Marquess on the roll of peers.

Photograph by Bassano.

An American Countess.

A charming and wealthy addition to the diplomatic world is the young Countess Ferdinand Colloredo-Mannsfeld. Before her marriage the Countess was Miss Nora Iselin, the daughter of the famous American yachtman-millionaire, and her marriage to the young Hungarian nobleman aroused an extraordinary amount of comment and interest, for the Americans are beginning to be very jealous of these Transatlantic alliances. The noble family into which this American heiress has



A PRETTY DÉBUTANTE OF THE YEAR:

MISS SYLVIA TAYLOR.

Miss Sylvia Taylor, one of the prettiest of this year's débutantes, is eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Taylor, of Pickenham Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk, and a niece of Lord Wilton.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

friends—and his neighbours, and even strangers—with a prodigality that no other owner of a great house shows. Eventually, the rumour goes, Stafford House is to be used as a Queen's Dower House. There are many reasons, therefore, for wishing that Stafford House may long continue in its present occupation. Still, the possibility of a flitting has been faced—the possibility even of a migration to "one of those cottages in Grosvenor Square"!

The Nashimotos. The Japan Society did well to entertain Prince and Princess Nashimoto at the Royal Botanical Gardens. For while they may seem happy in frock-coat and in Worth "tube," in reality the whole Jap Soquxkin Soqubut—or heart—is given to other things, and the flowers and dwarf-trees awaiting them at the R.B.S. were most welcome attentions. The Prince and Princess are formally travelling as Count and Countess Tuda.



AN ANGLO-ITALIAN PRINCESS: PRINCESS TEANO, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE LADY WALSINGHAM.

Among those ladies who will live in the history of aeronautics is the lovely Princess Teano, who, through her mother, the late Lady Walsingham, belongs to our great nobility, though she is a true daughter of the South in looks and playful vivacity of manner. The Princess is passionately fond of ballooning.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



OF THE DIPLOMATIC WORLD: COUNTESS FERDINAND COLLOREDO-MANNSFELD.

The Countess was Miss Nora Iselin, and she is a daughter of the well-known American yachtman and millionaire. The Count is an Attaché at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in Rome.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



WEDDED THIS MONTH: MRS. CECIL AYLMER CAMERON (FORMERLY MISS RUBY SHAW).

One of the prettiest of all the June weddings was that of Miss Ruby Shawe (daughter of Mr. Edward Shawe and Mrs. Shawe, King's County, Ireland), and Lieutenant Cecil Aylmer Cameron, youngest son of Colonel Aylmer Cameron, V.C. The bride's page was Master Evelyn Wood, a son of Captain Arthur Wood; the best man was Captain Richard Elliott, R.F.A.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

SMALL TALK



DR. ELLIOTT BEVERLEY BIRD, WHO IS TO MARRY THE HON. GLADYS RICE.

Dr. Bird practises at Southsea, and is very well known there.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

future Lady Sandhurst comes of famous intellectual stock, for she is a daughter of Matthew Arnold, and thus a cousin of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Her first husband was the youngest brother of the present Lord Kimberley, and at the time of his death he was member for Saffron Walden.

The Press Gang. The feeling that editors, and the wives of editors, are not the least blasés members of society, seems to have spurred their entertainers to do the very best in their power for the Press delegates. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lawson made Hall Barn look rather better than an average ducal mansion for them; Lord and Lady Salisbury received nearly all the delegates and nearly all the Duchesses in Arlington Street; to-morrow the lawns of Chatsworth will be trampled by a thousand feet. But some suspicion of the ways of Grub Street appears to haunt these paths of flowers. At the last moment the guests at the Prince and Princess of Wales's Press Garden Party at Marlborough House were bidden to bring their invitation-cards along with them, against the ordinary rule that when a function is presided over by a host and hostess, the card may be left sticking in the mirror-frame. No injunction of the sort was printed on the Duchess of Sutherland's card, although some other entertainers followed, the Marlborough House example.



LORD SANDHURST AND THE HON. MRS. ARMINE WODEHOUSE.

Lord Sandhurst was Under-Secretary for War in 1886, and from 1892 to 1895; from the latter date until 1900 he was Governor of Bombay. His first wife, who died in 1906, was Lady Victoria Alexandrina Spencer, daughter of the fourth Earl Spencer. Mrs. Wodehouse is a daughter of Matthew Arnold. Her first husband was the youngest brother of Lord Kimberley.

Photographs by Lafayette and H. Walter Barnett.

Ranelagh. Mr. Arthur Pearson,

whose fondness for games first attracted him to Ranelagh, had the happy thought of bidding the delegates to that pleasantest of London's playgrounds, and, single-handed, he was responsible for a greater crowd than is generally seen there. At one Ranelagh masquerade, long ago, "Horry" complains that there were but a hundred men, six women, and two shepherdesses. The King liked it, and that he might not be known, they had dressed him a box in red damask. For the same reason—that they might not be known!—Lady Pomfret and her daughters were all dressed alike. Another masquerade was gayer. They had no polo, but a maypole, and,

besides, booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables, dancing, and a crowd.

The Owen Glendowers.

Lady Llangatock, since the day she presided, as the understudy of the Marchioness of Hamilton, at the luncheon of the Ladies' Imperial Club, has been much occupied as a hostess. The immediate result of the luncheon was a reception at South Lodge, and both occasions were so successful that Lady Llangatock finds herself with a bevy of new and transitory friends on the Imperial Press, who must be amused at once, because they soon will be distributed again to the four ends of the world. Lady Llangatock is busy, too, preparing for the Welsh National Pageant, in which she is to take the part of Owen Glendower's wife, and, it is thought, will take it very well. Her rebel chieftain will be impersonated by Lord Tredegar, and Lady St. Davids is cast for Dame Wales.



THE HON. GLADYS RICE, WHO IS TO MARRY DR. ELLIOTT BEVERLEY BIRD.

Miss Rice is the eldest daughter of Lord Dynevor.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

"The Wearing of the Green." With an impulse

hardly to be restrained, many Covent Garden singers, it has been noticed, address their most triumphant vocal efforts directly to the more distinguished members of their audience. Invective and supplication, the love of love, the hate of hate, all, in their most passionate moments, seem to go rattling right against the royal box. One passage of particular passion directed at their Majesties the other night reminds me of an incident which greatly impressed the Queen of Roumania when she was staying in England with the late Queen. Queen Victoria caused an Irishwoman to sing for their benefit, in the most dramatic way that was in her power, "The Wearing of the Green." At the conclusion, the Queen of Roumania turned to her hostess and said, prettily enough, "You must be very sure of the love of your subjects to order the singing of a song so fired with resentment as that."

A Correction. By an obvious,

most regrettable slip of the pen, we stated in a part of our last issue that Viscount Bury's bride was the Hon. Hermione Fellowes, and that Lady Myce Carrington's bridegroom was Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox; the fact, of course, being that the marriage of Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox and the Hon. Hermione Fellowes took place at the Guards Chapel on Tuesday, the 8th, and that of Lord Bury and Lady Myce Carrington at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the following day. This is the more to be regretted as *The Sketch* has always prided itself on the accuracy with which social events of this kind are reported in its columns.



MR. CECIL WAUDBY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS ENID MURIEL LANG WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE ON MONDAY, THE 14TH.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MISS ENID MURIEL LANG, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. CECIL WAUDBY WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE ON MONDAY, THE 14TH.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Woman and the Horse.

The horse is usually devoted to Woman, recognising in her a tactful friend, who understands his idiosyncrasies; one who is more likely to coax him with silken phrases than to goad him with whip and spur. And when the woman and the horse are both well-looking, they undeniably make a charming group. Moreover, the man in the street, for some strange reason, allows her unlimited latitude in regard to her public appearances with this engaging quadruped. Nothing—however eccentric—that she does on horseback or behind the steed is ever counted against her. Every old fogey in Clubland (and young one, too, for the matter of that) will call a girl “unsexed” who walks in a Suffrage procession carrying a banner of her own embroidering; yet a charming and well-bred young person—dressed, with the exception of the briefest apron-skirt, exactly like a man—can drive a four-in-hand at a public show with no word of protest from the masculine spectators. She may drive tandem, leap five-barred gates, or go through any antic for the benefit of the shilling gallery, and yet retain her femininity unsullied through it all. Truly 'tis a strange world, my masters, and the Horse Show at Olympia not the least perplexing of its manifold contradictions.

The Imperial Girl.

There is no doubt that the Imperial girl—the damsel from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa—is gradually ousting the American in insular favour. With all the charm of a young race—or rather of a new community—she is invariably adroit, observant, self-possessed, and lively. The Australians, indeed, adore the old country with a whole-hearted devotion which no other dominion beyond the seas can rival; whether it is cricket alone which binds us with chains of roses to the great Southern continent I know not, but these cousins of ours in the Pacific talk oftener of Home than any other of our kindred folk. The Australian girl may not be so delicately lovely as the Canadian, but she is immensely *chic*; gets her clothes (unpatriotically) from Paris; and, moreover, boldly proposes, like other juvenile persons, to instruct her grandmother how to behave. Quite recently one of these engaging Imperial girls has been confiding to a reporter that the young person from the Antipodes especially wishes “to interest the women of England in the great questions of Empire.” Moreover, she tempts the English girl to leave her native island by declaring that feminine lives are freer in Australia, and that in that happy continent you scarcely ever hear a woman say, “I’m tired.” She might have added that in the King’s dominions beyond the seas the women are not heavily taxed for the defence of the Empire, but enjoy all the honours and pleasures of Britain’s prestige without the outlay, up to now, of a penny piece.

The Audacities of Age.

Mr. Henry Nevinston, in one of his happiest essays, deploras the niggardly prudence, the peevish caution of the young, and contrasts with these displeasing qualities “the elderly virtues of rashness, recklessness, and a certain splendour of generosity.” It is an

indisputable fact that youth is apt to be timid and melancholy, and far more “in love with death” than folks of mature age. As they get older, sensible people become more cheerful, and even ready to embark on enterprises which they would have frowned on in the days of their adolescence. Mr. Nevinston reminds us that “if we hear youth discussing affairs of State or the problems of the universe, we escape with relief to the merry pranks of age.” It is doubtful if any but the most philosophic women-folk would join it; but the projected “League of Age” which our essayist foreshadows is likely to do admirable work in combating the pensive moroseness of the Young. Its motto, we hear, is to be “Older and Bolder,” and its one precept, “We must grow old, but we need not grow nasty.” If we come to think of it, it is amazing how enterprising is Old Age. When a rich man is seventy odd he invariably begins to build himself yet another lordly mansion; by the time a woman is a grandmother nowadays she often sets out on a tour round the world, or ventures on another marriage. In short, in these hygienic times, when we can all reasonably count on living well into the 'eighties, there seems no limit to the gay audacities of age.

Jane Welsh's “Confounded Tea-Parties.”

In one of her most characteristic and lively letters to her pedantic lover, Jane Welsh explains how she caught cold on her way to a “confounded tea-party.” This clever and alluring young person—she was twenty-two at the time, and extremely pretty—was not sparing of vigorous epithets, but it must be remembered that these tea-parties of the small Scottish town of Haddington were symbolical of much that was irksome and reactionary in her surroundings. We drink tea together now, but the ceremony is brief, and is, as some social observer has justly noted, the only substitute or survival of the *salon*. The tea-parties of Mrs. Carlyle's youth lasted three solid hours, and took place in the evening and in circumstances which obliged the unfortunate guests to appear in gala dress. In those days it was a species of crime for a girl to read, to know Latin and German, and to harbour aspirations towards a literary career. Mothers opposed such projects with all the authority of the eighteen-twenties, and Jane had to dress like a slattern in order, as she says, that she should not “be fit to be seen” by intrusive neighbours, and so could continue her work. Who knows, if she had not been constrained to frequent “confounded tea-parties,” Jane Welsh Carlyle might not have enriched English literature with other works than her delightful letters?



[Copyright.]

A CAPITAL TAILOR-MADE, IN TWEED OF A SUBDUED CLOUD-GREY AND BLUE-GREY IN A SMALL CHECK, SKETCHED AT MESSRS. FISHERS', 215-219, REGENT STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-About-Town” page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

Dress and the Press.

There are some ladies over here with the Delegates to the Imperial Press Conference. They are much impressed by the stylish dress of Englishwomen at the smart parties where they have been entertained. One of them told me that there is an inclination in Melbourne to think the ladies of the Old Country dowdy. I fancy she will do her best to correct that impression. At the Prince and Princess of Wales's party she saw some of the handsomest women she ever laid eyes on, and in perfectly lovely gowns. The Queen she admired immensely, and the shade of blue, with a strong dash of grey and mauve in it, of her Majesty's dress met with her approval. For real smart style she also picked out Lady de Grey, although she was all in black; Georgiana Lady Dudley, who was in pastel blue; Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, in soft maize-yellow muslin, much embroidered; the Duchess of Roxburghe, in white over pale blue; Lady St. Oswald and the Marchioness of Graham. Then the Duchess of Wellington, at her own party, impressed her as a mistress of the picturesque in dress, and for the Duchess of Sutherland's grace in style she was full of admiration.

Courts in June.

There is often one Court in the month of roses, seldom two. That on Friday night was remarkable for some very lovely dresses and charmingly pretty debutantes. Of the dresses, that worn by the Countess of Crewe takes high rank. Its cloth-of-silver sheath-like skirt was veiled by a tunic of closely netted, small iridescent beads, the effect being extraordinarily brilliant. The tunic was deeply fringed with these beads round the hem and all down the one side on which it opened. Then there was a fortune on the train in the superb old lace with which it was draped over white chiffon on cloth of silver. Lady Crewe wore many and most beautiful diamonds. She looked like a tall young embodiment of brightness and sparkle, and was remarked upon most flatteringly even in so fine an assemblage. The Countess of Gosford, in yellow embroidered in brilliants, and wearing a cluster of vivid crimson roses in her bodice, and a train of Venetian brocade in pale-gold and grey-blue, showed herself a clever colourist. The Countess of Derby, presented on her husband's succeeding to the title, managed to make of an all-grey Court costume a thing of brilliance and distinction; and Georgiana Lady Dudley, in white sparkling with brilliants, and a grey chiffon train over cloth-of-silver, suspended by a diamond girdle, was a queenly sight.

The Genie of the Hat-Box.

One can quite imagine that, if a hat-box were opened in the realms of mystery, M. Lewis, of Maison Lewis, would emerge in the midst of a fountain foaming ostrich-feathers, spraying flowers and spurting ospreys and cross-ospreys; and a multitude of grateful women acclaiming the release of this master of millinery—the person who can combine these elements into the hats that suit all heads and become all

faces. Such a fancy occurred to me when I attended the reception at the Maison Lewis last week and saw the master in the midst of his models for the races and the fêtes of the season. They were lovely things—one a great chapeau of black Tagal straw with a mass of white cross-ospreys in front, and another raking porcupine-quill-like to the side. "That, Madam, is £40." Well, it looked worth it. There are some smaller hats, with crowns of mouseline velvet and brims of straw, in shape like those of mediæval troubadours, but larger.

These are the coming things, and happily, are vastly becoming and not a little jaunty. Light as a whatso'clock and beautifully delicate was a chapeau of blush-

pink finest Leghorn, trimmed with blush-pink tulle and with a wreath of white flowers and leaves made of the finest white muslin. There was a chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahs" of admiration, and the Genie, I think, had to retire into his cloud of feathers and flowers and tulle and straw, and create more, for I believe most of his models are at Ascot this week! However, cheer up, there are plenty more where they came from; the Genie has an unlimited imagination.

Ancien Régime.

To recall the prettiness, the grace, and the charm of the Court of Louis Quinze, in the middle of modern London, is the task of the promoters of the summer Fair and Fête, which the Queen is to open on Wednesday next at Olympia for the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. This will, I believe, be successfully accomplished. The scheme of colour is pale grey-green, the stalls are summer-houses, kiosks, pavilions in sedately laid out grounds. The musicians and the guard-of-honour for the Queen will all be attired in dress and uniforms of the period. The whole thing will be done most thoroughly, and the Fête will be the charitable event of the season. Being under cover, it is independent of the weather, on which no one can depend.

A Smell Divine.

One of the elegancies of life is a perfume that is really refined, delicious, and haunting. In a sweet little cut-glass bottle I received the other day some perfume called "Divinia," which merits its name. It is one of the choicest I have come across for years. This I expected of it directly I saw that it was one of the specialties of F. Wolff and Son, whose "Kaloderma" glycerine and honey jelly is such delightful stuff for the skin, keeping it soft and smooth in summer heat, winter cold, and spring winds.

Meals in Motors.

A fine motor-car takes the place, more or less, of a swiftly moving dwelling for enthusiastic motorists. It is therefore welcome news to them that the enterprising luxury-providing firm of Drew and Sons, Piccadilly Circus, have just brought out a dust-proof fitted luncheon-case for holding meals for races, regattas, or for touring, and all the implements for enjoying the same, as well as a Thermos flask for tea or coffee. Such a case is illustrated on this page, so that its convenience may be apparent. It is something to be able to lunch daintily and most comfortably *en route*, and this celebrated firm have fitted motor-cases for five pounds. This is a thing to know when there is a run for wedding-presents.

What Everybody Wants.

To be brilliant and cheery-looking and sweet and clean. There is nobody who still retains self-respect that does not want this. Well, one begins at the bottom! When floors and foot-wear are done with Ronuk Sanitary Polish, we have taken the first step in this desirable direction. It is waterproof and a preservative, while it makes floors simply delightful to look upon, boots and shoes a regular advertisement for maid and valet who use it, harness an ornament to the horse that wears it, linoleum lasting and looking well cared for. Perhaps the best thing about it is that it was successfully on germs. It certainly has a durable effect, and is in every way what everybody wants.

Trim Tailor-Built.

There is nothing like the tailor-built as a stand-by. We flit in and out of summer weather, but take the year round, and there are six days suitable for tailor-mades to one on which elaborate frocks look best. On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a coat and skirt at Messrs. Fishers' in tropical tweed of a subdued cloud-grey and blue-grey in a small check. The collar and cuffs are faced with silk in the blue-grey, and finished with braiding in the same tone on both skirt and long, nearly sacque-backed coat. The effect is excellent. It is light and cool to wear, and is lined with a thin white silk, also light and wearing well. The stiffness and tightness of tailor-built clothes are done away with now. The neat, trim aspect so much the characteristic of English tailor-dressed women is compatible with lightness and comfort.

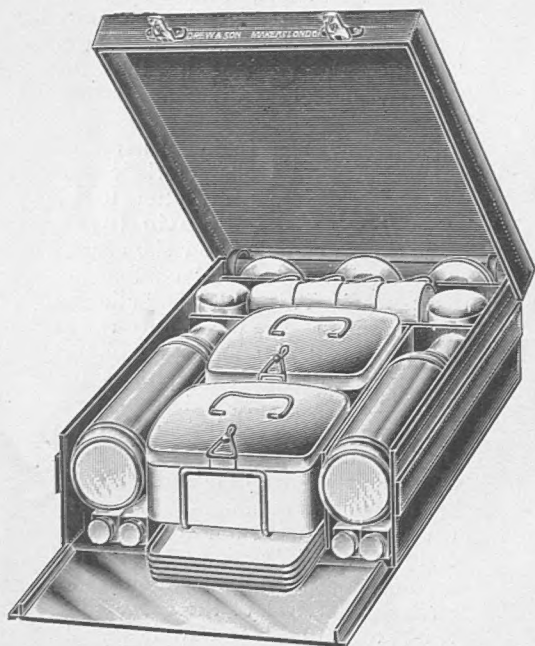
OUR SUPPLEMENT: "A WOODLAND SYMPHONY."

As a Summer Number Supplement, we are presenting to our readers with this issue a reproduction in photogravure of a delightful picture by Mr. W. Hounsom Byles, called "A Woodland Symphony." It represents a scene of Arcadian bliss such as will appeal to all readers of *The Sketch*—beauty lying in a sylvan glade amid the grass and flowers, and piping idly to the gentle creatures of the field. That is the kind of thing to which one's thoughts turn in sultry summer, and those toilers who cannot achieve it in reality will at least be grateful to *The Sketch* for an opportunity of picturing it in imagination.



TROPHY FOR THE MILITARY JUMPING COMPETITION AT THE HORSE SHOW: THE KING EDWARD VII. GOLD CUP.

At the International Horse Show King Edward VII.'s Gold Cup, the trophy for the military jumping contest, was competed for by six teams. The French team won, the Italians being placed second, and the British team third. Each team consisted of three officers, and the best individual performance was given by a member of the British team, Lieutenant M. Graham, riding *Luxury*. The splendid trophy for this contest was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W.



FOR THE INNER MOTORIST: A DUST-PROOF FITTED LUNCHEON-CASE MADE BY MESSRS. DREW AND SON.

Messrs. Drew and Son, of Piccadilly Circus, have just brought out a dust-proof luncheon-case which will be a boon to motorists, for meals at races and regattas, or on tour. It contains all the apparatus necessary for a comfortable lunch, as well as a Thermos flask.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 23.

OF YANKEE RAILS.

THAT bad break in Yankee Rails, of which our financial guides have been warning us ever since prices were ten to fifty dollars lower than they are now, seems loth to put in its expected appearance. In fact, the market looks stronger than ever, and the reactions of every now and then are in no way prejudicial to the next recovery. The long-continued rise in prices has been too much for the British speculator, who is at length making his presence felt as a bull. It was noticeable last contango-day that, so far from there being the usual scarcity of stock, the situation had turned right round, and almost all the jobbers were givers on shares. No doubt the diversion of capital to the Kaffir Circus will explain part of this volte-face, but it does not account for the whole of it, and there are, besides, other evidences in the market of substantial buying on behalf of those operators who can tear themselves from the attractions of mines in order to gamble in Americans. Mr. Harriman's interview with the New York journalists sought to lay the whole responsibility for market movements upon the crops and commercial conditions in the United States. This is all very nice, but it is not what the bulls are thinking about now. They fasten their hopes to the Union Pacific declaring a good bonus, in one shape or another, out of its holdings in other Companies. They look for an increased Atchison dividend, an increased Chesapeake dividend, an early distribution on Little Southern, and such-like. And were we to be asked for the best buy in the Yankee Market we should promptly answer Chesapeakes.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

In the nature of things, a market does not remain booming for ever, nor does it stagnate eternally. You see the drift, of course. Here is everyone rushing after Kaffirs, talking Kaffirs, dreaming them, eating them, buying them. Doesn't it strike you that it will pay the shrewd man to look around for something which at present the public leave severely alone? You see now? The glass of Fortune is marked Set Fair in the Kaffir Circus; while its other hand, marked Home Rails, hovers between Dull and Stormy. It would be as far-fetched to imagine that people will go on buying Kaffirs indefinitely as to suppose that they will ignore Home Rails for ever and a day. The worst of it is that none of us like waiting, for meals, trains, wives, profits, or anything else. But if we could persuade ourselves to possess Home Rails and our souls in equal patience, the certainties of profit are greater in the Railway stocks than in Kaffir shares.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

If you want a lesson in the difficult-to-believe fact that very few of us are as young as we were some years ago, take a course of Kaffir boom. You remember how easily and light-heartedly we used to tear about in 1895? What a gladsome delight it was to get to the office at some unearthly hour in the morning—long before eleven o'clock—and stay until the housekeeper alone knows when at night! With what boyish zest we slogged away at bull-and-bear books, jobbers' ledgers, transfers, letters, and any other mortal thing that came our way! To put in a couple of all-night sittings was a cheerful novelty; to go home with the milk in the morning an amusing experience; to eat hard-boiled eggs at midnight and drink coffee at the Mansion House coffee-stall in the hours of dawn was something that made life worth living.

That, my young friend, was fourteen years ago.

And now?

Well, it's no use mincing matters. We're getting on. That's what it is. As I call the little grandchildren round my gouty knees and tell them tales of the great Kaffir boom of Ninety-Five, their—

But still, there it is. We're getting old, and it's a solid, if unkind, comfort to be able to write the pronoun in the plural.

To descend from these sublimated heights to the dusty arena of the Kaffir Circus, the position down below is certainly a very interesting one. You will have a hard task if you set out to justify present prices. Take every conceivable factor in favour of the African mines, and you still, in looking at the market quietly and reasonably, have to acknowledge that the present range of prices is, on the whole, overvalued. I'm no pessimist, mind you. Just to prove it—and not by any means by way of giving a tip—I don't mind confessing that, at the moment, I happen to be a small bull of Gold Fields. Looked at sanely and squarely, Gold Fields—like most of the other Kaffirs—are too high. But what we are all gambling upon is the strength of the market. The public have taken up the matter with a good deal of interest, and the big-house firms want to get rid of a lot more shares before the movement dies out. Therefore, I pin my faith to further improvement, although there may be many a set-back.

Now see here.

When the Near Eastern trouble cleared away, Kaffirs were standing—lounging would be a more appropriate word—at quite low prices: prices that were too low, in view of the industry's development and prosperity. There were two or three wealthy, and limited, syndicates formed for the express purpose of giving option money for the call of Kaffir shares, some of the options maturing at the end of

June, some at the favourite end of September, others at the end of the year. The option-money was given. Immediately upon that, the syndicate started a rise by the purchase of shares in the market for the ordinary account. Takers of the options, instead of buying half the stock, bought the whole of it; the Cape, of course, was a buyer; the ground was ripe for a rise. And here we are. Partly natural, but much more professional, the boom has been carefully nursed, and we are all scared out of our lives at the prospect which opens that somebody has got to hold the blessed baby in the long run. We are more scared still, however, of selling bears, and so, because to speculate is irresistible—man being born of woman—we hug the long side, and pray that after us the Deluge.

The man who had the pluck and the patience and the cash to sell a bear of Modders, Rand Mines, Randfontein, Chartered, East Rand, and my own fair Fields of Gold—and to see the thing through—would make a fortune, in time.

Meanwhile, things being as they are—and they may be vastly different in a week's time—it may perhaps interest you to hear little odds and ends, tags and bobtails of gossip that are current in the market, in the street, and in certain of the West-End Clubs.

They tell me you should buy East Rand Deeps as a gamble at eleven shillings, because one day you will wake up to find them at a pound. The property is well situated, and although negotiations for an important amalgamation scheme fell through, they will be renewed, and the fact become accomplished. Mind you, this is what I'm told, and if I had money to fling away, some of it should be thrown into East Rand Deeps. There's another low-priced deep level, the Van Ryn Deep, of which great things are prophesied, and, at thirty shillings, good authorities declare the shares are cheap. It may, of course, turn out to be so. Yet another of these tips is Harmony Proprietary. I seem to remember the days when Harmony Proprietaries were melodiously puffed by half-a-dozen of the bucket-shop fraternity; but of latter years they have fallen out of sight, and now they grovel in the vicinity of six shillings, which itself is about double what they were six weeks ago. They say there's "something up," the success of which depends very largely upon continuance of the strength of the market generally. If the "something" doesn't come off, I suppose the Harmony will be on the side of the sellers.

Amongst the Rhodesian things, I'm strongly urged, by insiders, to buy Mayo Developments. It is one of those rather out-of-the-way things that you buy at, say, thirty shillings one day, and find to be either two pounds or else unsaleable in a fortnight's time. The Mayo, however, has just declared a dividend of 2s., and is likely to pay another of like amount within the current year. It holds Jumbo shares much lower down, and I believe it has a reasonable sum of cash in hand. Having no interest in the concern myself (one can't buy everything), I am the less afraid to pass on this gambling tip for what it may be worth. There are Transvaal Developments, too, of which great things are predicted: certainly the Company seems to be in an excellent position. For a brisk run, Chicago Gaika at about twelve shillings are whispered to me as a good thing, and Chartered—well, everybody's got Chartered, so, of course, everybody talks them higher. On merits—

After all, what are Merits, in the case of the Chartered Company? Obviously not dividend prospects, because I don't suppose anybody ever seriously considers the British South Africa Company as a dividend proposition. Eliminate the idea of such a thing—and if the Chartered Company were so misled as to pay a dividend it would for ever condemn the shares in the eyes of speculators—eliminate this, I say, and then ask, what are the Merits of Chartered? Answers to be forwarded to the office of this paper before the last post on the evening of the Greek Kalends, marked "Charity," and accompanied by a postal-order for six pounds five, payable to

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE BEIRA RAILWAY.

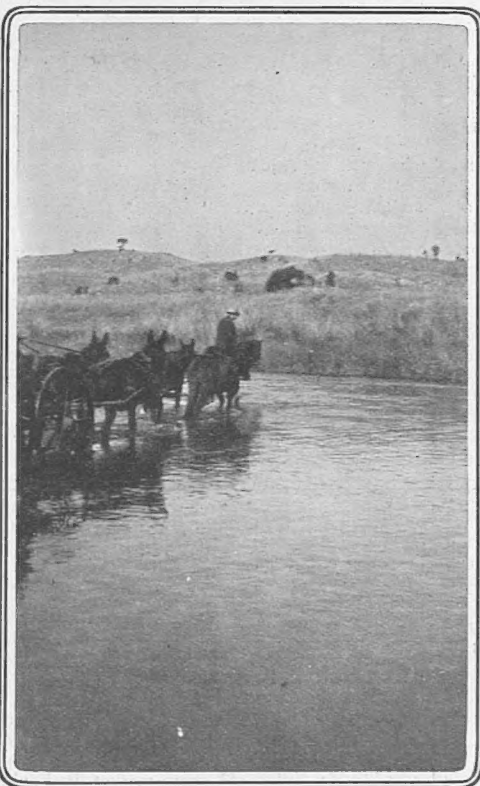
It has been known for some months that the Debenture-holders' Committee of the Beira Railway and the Chartered Company's representatives have been negotiating an agreement to put an end to the litigation which has been going on, and arrange future matters for the general benefit of all

concerned; but only a few days ago one of the many cases in the law list came before Mr. Justice Eve, and it looked as if the negotiations had broken down. We are glad to say that what seemed at one time like an insuperable difficulty to any arrangement has been overcome, and we understand that the formal agreement has been finally settled, and is in course of signature.

With all litigation at an end, the Congo extension adding to the traffics, and the improvements at the Port of Beira being pushed on, there seems at last a prospect of some real prosperity coming to this unfortunate line, and the bonds, which carry £13 10s. of arrears of interest, may well see even a better price, despite the rise of the last few months.

ISSUES.

PORT OF BAHIA.—Lloyd's Bank and Messrs. Boulton Brothers and Co. are offering in London £500,000 of 5 per Cent. Gold Bonds at 90 on behalf of the Concessionaire Company of the Docks of the Port of Bahia. The issue is part of £3,000,000 authorised, of which £1,000,000 was issued in Paris in 1907, and a further £500,000 is now being offered in Holland and Belgium. The Bonds are redeemable on Dec. 31, 1972, by means of a sinking fund commencing in 1923, while interest is payable on March 1 and Sept. 1 in each year. The security for the bonds is, in the first place, a mortgage over the whole undertaking of the Dock Company; in the second, an irrevocable authority to collect 70 per cent. of the Port receipts; and in the third, a special ad valorem Customs tax of 2 per cent. in gold upon the whole of the merchandise imported into the Port of Bahia. With the exception of Rio de Janeiro, Bahia is the most important town in the United States of Brazil; and, after providing for the interest and amortisation of the bonds, it is calculated, on the figures



FORDING THE KOMATI RIVER, ON THE WAY
TO THE ASBESTOS COUNTRY IN THE CAROLINA
DISTRICT OF THE TRANSVAAL.

of 1907, that there should be a surplus of £61,226 a year. The yield at the issue price is about 5½ per cent., and the bonds present a very good opportunity for the investor who is on the look-out for a good rate of interest and a steady increase in capital value.

SELFRIDGE AND CO., LTD.—The long-talked-of issue of this Company has just made its appearance, and applications are invited for £400,000 First Mortgage Debentures carrying 5 per cent. interest, and £187,458 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each, both being offered at par. The Debentures will be secured by a specific mortgage on the Oxford Street premises (held on long leases at a ground rent of £11,470 a year) and a floating charge upon the whole business and undertaking of the Company. They will be redeemable at a premium of 5 per cent. at any time at the option of the Company, and, commencing in 1912, the Company will redeem by drawings or purchase £7000 of the Debentures each year. It has been found impossible to give any reliable statement of the profits made since the opening of the shops in March last, but the assets are stated to be worth £1,050,000, of which the value of the premises as a going concern, including plant and fixtures, is put by Messrs. Edwin Fox and Bousfield at £622,618. The prospectus states that the business is steadily increasing, that the number of assistants employed has increased by two hundred, and the customers' accounts in the books are being added to at the rate of about one hundred a day. Mr. Gordon Selfridge has undertaken to take and pay for any of the Preference shares not subscribed by the public. No memorandum of association is printed as usual in the fold of the prospectus—an omission very rare of late years.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

"BEAR."—You do yourself injustice in asking something which the rest of your letter shows you understand. An operation is called "a bear" when you sell stock which you do not possess in the expectation of being able to buy it back cheaper before you have to deliver. If you own, say, 100 shares of a Company and sell 300, for every shilling the price falls you make a profit of 300 shillings; whereas, if the price rises, you only lose out of your pocket on 200.

D. McR.—It does not seem to us the proper moment to sell any South Africans, as we do not think the rise is finished. In our opinion, you should get out of Nos. 4, 5, 9, 10, and 14 before the boom is over. See "Q's" Note last week for the sort of Company you want.

BLABAN.—No coupon is necessary. We can add nothing to the recommendations as to Rubber Companies contained in "Q's" Note last week.

L. D. (Paris).—The information you asked for was sent you on the 8th inst.

JACQUES.—You had better make inquiries in Cornwall, as little is known of the mine here. It would not be good enough for our money.

F. F. B.—If the holding of the late lamented London and Paris Exchange is

all disposed of, the present opportunity might be taken to put the price up. It is quite impossible to answer your question more definitely. If you ever get the chance clear out.

LEWIS.—(1) We see no reason to sell the Rubber shares if you have bought as an investment. (2) Zincs should be held. We think the Preference shares are cheaper than the Ordinary.

SUBBIE.—Search shall be made, and the result given next week.

STEEL.—No doubt the development work has proved, or is thought to have proved, favourable and returns are expected. We will make inquiries as to exactly what is in the air, and let you know in our next issue.

KOMATIE (TRANSVAAL) REEFS, LTD.—This Company owns two distinct properties in the Transvaal—namely: (1) The farm Pieterhoff is in the Zoutspanberg District and near the Messina Mine, from which, as is well known, a regular output of high-grade copper ore is obtained. On the Pieterhoff property the workings are 60 feet wide. Samples of ore yielded an assay up to 60 per cent. copper. Hitherto the transport difficulties in the Northern Transvaal have been a serious drawback to mining operations, but now that the Transvaal Government has sanctioned the construction of the Pietersberg-Messina line, it is fully anticipated that a reduction of at least £3 10s. per ton in the transport charges will be obtained when the line is completed. (2) A block of fifty gold claims at Komatie, where the conditions are exceptionally favourable to low working-costs. These claims contain three reefs, two of which have been thoroughly proved as to their value. Both reefs run the whole length of the property—namely, 7500 feet. There have been some assays as high as 4 oz. 5 dwt., but the average value may be taken as 1 oz. The directors, being men who know South Africa, believe the present an opportune time for raising capital for the working of the Company's properties. Native labour is plentiful, and by the construction of the railway the Company's future is placed on a very satisfactory footing. The shares of the Company are quoted at 10s.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Galvani will win the Royal Hunt Cup. Other selections for the Ascot Meeting are: Visitors' Handicap, Cuffs; Coronation Stakes, Princesse de Galles; Ascot Derby, William the Fourth; Gold Cup, Siberia; St. James's Palace Stakes, Minoru; Forty-Sixth New Biennial, Sir Archibald; Rous Memorial Stakes, White Eagle; New Stakes, Neil Gow; All-Aged Stakes, Jack Snipe; Forty-Seventh New Biennial, Prester Jack; Wokingham Stakes, Morny; Ascot High-Weight Stakes, Slim Lad; Hardwicke Stakes, Perrier; Alexandra Plate, Pure Gem; Windsor Castle Stakes, Perla. At Windsor, Submit should win the Royal June Handicap, and Vic the Thames Handicap.

CAROLINA ASBESTOS, TRANSVAAL COLONY.

SINCE the first discoveries of white asbestos, or, to speak more correctly, "Chrysotile," on the farm "Diepgezet" early in 1904, great progress has been made on the Carolina reef in this, which has in it the making of a large industry for the benefit of that wonderful country of minerals, the Transvaal. The word "asbestos" has now come to be applied through usage to both true asbestos—fibrous rock frequently of great length, and little usable for spinning purposes—and to

"Chrysotile," readily distinguished from the true asbestos by its soft silk-like fibres, which render it peculiarly suitable for spinning, and which is now known commercially as "asbestos."

The principal sources of supply of commercial asbestos are, firstly, Canada, and secondly, Russia, from which two countries there is now an output of first and second grade spinning fibre of from 7,000 to 10,000 tons per annum.

The asbestos, when received in its raw state by the manufacturers, is put through a process of rolling which reduces it to a mass of soft silky fibre similar in appearance to raw cotton, after which it goes through the processes of combing, carding, spinning into yarn and afterwards weaving into cloth by machinery similar to that used for cotton or wool spinning.

The cloth when made up is used for a variety of purposes, the greatest use being the manufacture of steam packings, and kindred requisites of machinery, large quantities being used in connection with the engines of all our large steamships and men-of-war, also for the manufacture of fire-proof theatre curtains and a number of smaller woven articles, even fire-proof clothing for firemen.

The lower grades, i.e., the fibre too short for spinning, is won from the rock by the process of crushing and sieving, and used in very large quantities for many purposes where non-conducting and non-flammable materials are required, such as the packing of mattresses for machinery, the making of fire-proof millboard, fire-proof slates, and, in America, largely for the making of fire-resisting paint. A quantity of very finely powdered asbestos is used for filtering purposes by chemists and others, and also for the clarifying of Continental white wines. The annual consumption of the lower grades of asbestos is very large, running well into six figures.

Up to 1904 specimens of asbestos had from time to time been brought in from the Carolina district, but in that year active interest began to be taken in some

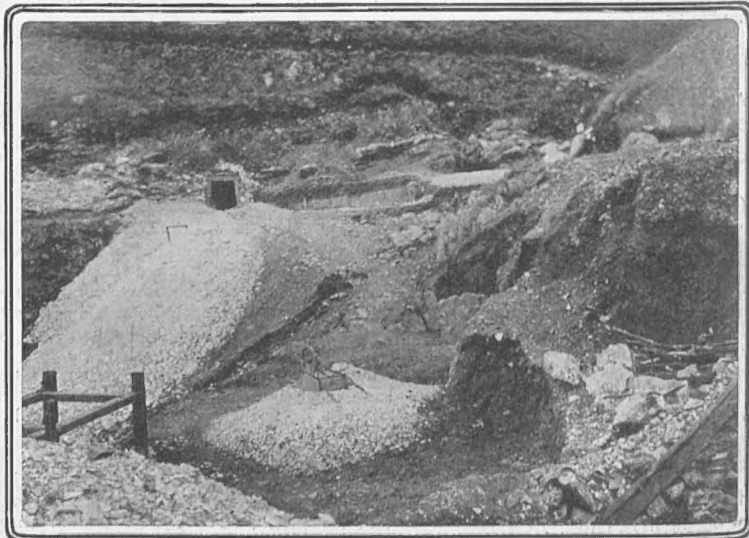
of the finds, and large prospecting operations were undertaken on the farms "Diepgezet" and "Goedverwacht," adjoining farms about 22 miles from the town of Carolina; with the result that early in 1905 there were formed the Carolina Asbestos Co. and the Anglo-Swiss Asbestos Co. to work the farms "Diepgezet" and "Goedverwacht" respectively, and, later in the same year, the Carolina Development Syndicate, Ltd., and the S.A. Minerals Synd., Ltd., for the purpose of prospecting a large number of farms in the district. Since then the work of opening-up the reef has gone steadily on.

The Anglo-Swiss Asbestos Co., Ltd., at the end of 1907, after having thoroughly equipped its property with buildings and surface plant, and having opened up a portion of the reef, showing in places excellent asbestos, closed down its mine to await more propitious times for the raising of further working capital with which to start active production, and with the improved tone in the Kafir share market, it should not now be long before that mine is again seen at work.

The Carolina Development Syndicate, Ltd., which on the Carolina reef owns the farms "Bellshoop," "Bergstroom," and "Rietfontein" portion No. 3, has also an option over the farm "Stolzberg," from which a small quantity of asbestos of excellent quality has been taken, but on this property considerable prospecting remains to be done. This Company has opened up the Carolina reef on a small scale on "Rietfontein" No. 3 portion, and has there a mine which in course of development during the last year has produced a quantity of excellent fibre, characteristic of the reef, and sufficient to warrant its now opening-up and developing the mine on a much larger scale, the extent of the asbestos-bearing ground on this property being 300 acres, through the whole of which the reef is reported to run. The whole of the asbestos produced by these three mines now open has been sold, the manufacturers having given excellent reports as to its quality and whiteness and as to length of fibre, which, on the average, exceeds that of either Canadian or Russian.



THE ASBESTOS REEF IN THE CAROLINA DISTRICT ON THE LEFT, THE MOUTH OF A DRIVE AND THE DUMP OF WASTE ROCK.



IN THE CAROLINA DISTRICT OF THE TRANSVAAL: A NEARER VIEW OF THE DRIVE ON THE ASBESTOS REEF.